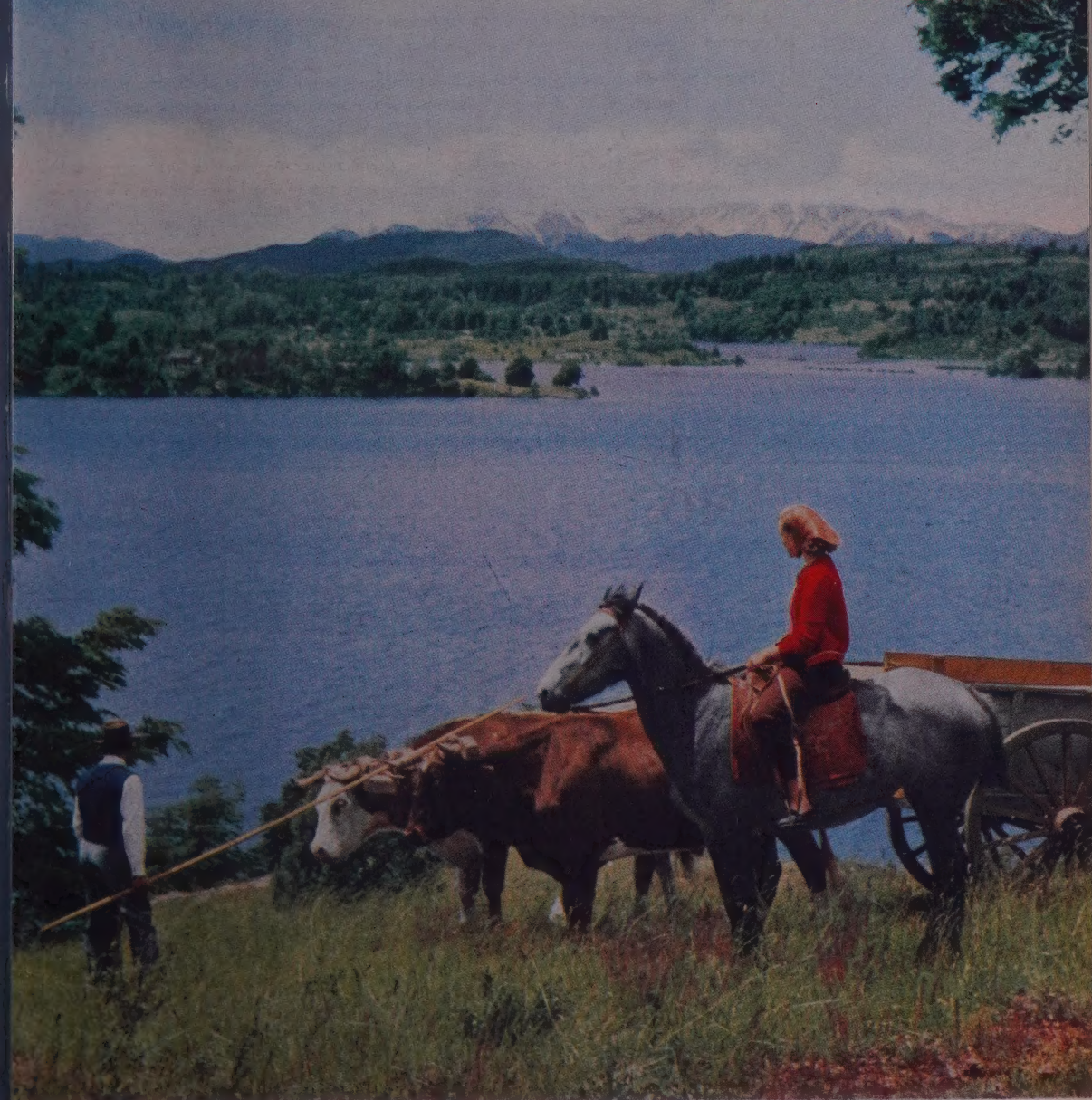


The

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GEOGRAPHICAL

MAGAZINE



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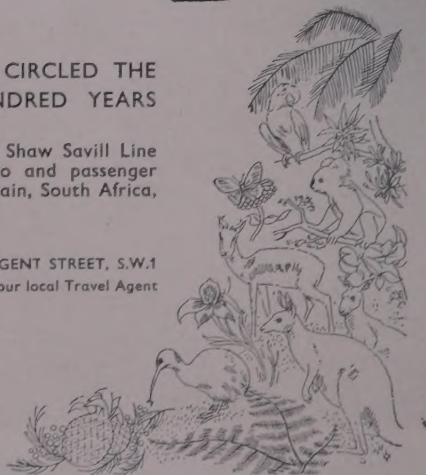


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Australia's Migratory Honey-Seekers

by T. A. MILES

THE flowering eucalypt-forests of Australia are some of the heaviest honey-yielders in the world and record crops are often obtained from them. There are more than 500 species of eucalypt ("gum-tree") and they appear in nine-tenths of the country's forest lands, which are scattered from one end of the continent to the other; and it should be remembered that Australia, with an area of approximately 3,000,000 square miles, is about the same size as the United States of America.

The association of so many species of flowering eucalypt over so large an area forms a gigantic pasture for bees, which take from the flowers two substances, pollen and nectar, on which they feed, the latter being processed and stored in the form of honey. Most species of eucalypt only flower for about six weeks in the year, but as the island continent is about 2400 miles from east to west and 2000 miles from north to south, variations in climate, latitude and altitude cause the flowering of the eucalypts to extend, in the different species, for the greater portion of the year. There are many other flowering shrubs and trees which provide nectar and pollen during other parts of the year. The mimosa, or wattle, for instance, of which there are 500 species indigenous to Australia, provides a considerable amount of nectar and pollen when other blooms are out of season. Moreover the melaleuca, or tea-tree, which is indigenous to most parts of Australia, is an excellent producer in winter months.

The honey-yielding forests extend from the great jarrah and karri areas of Western Australia, with giant trees up to 300 feet high; through the bush lands and mallee scrub—a stunted eucalypt ten feet high—of South Australia; on to Victoria, along the 1500 miles of the River Murray and its tributaries, with their towering red-gum forests; through New South Wales, where good bee-keeping country can be found over much of the State; and into Queensland, which has honey-yielding forests as far north as Warwick.

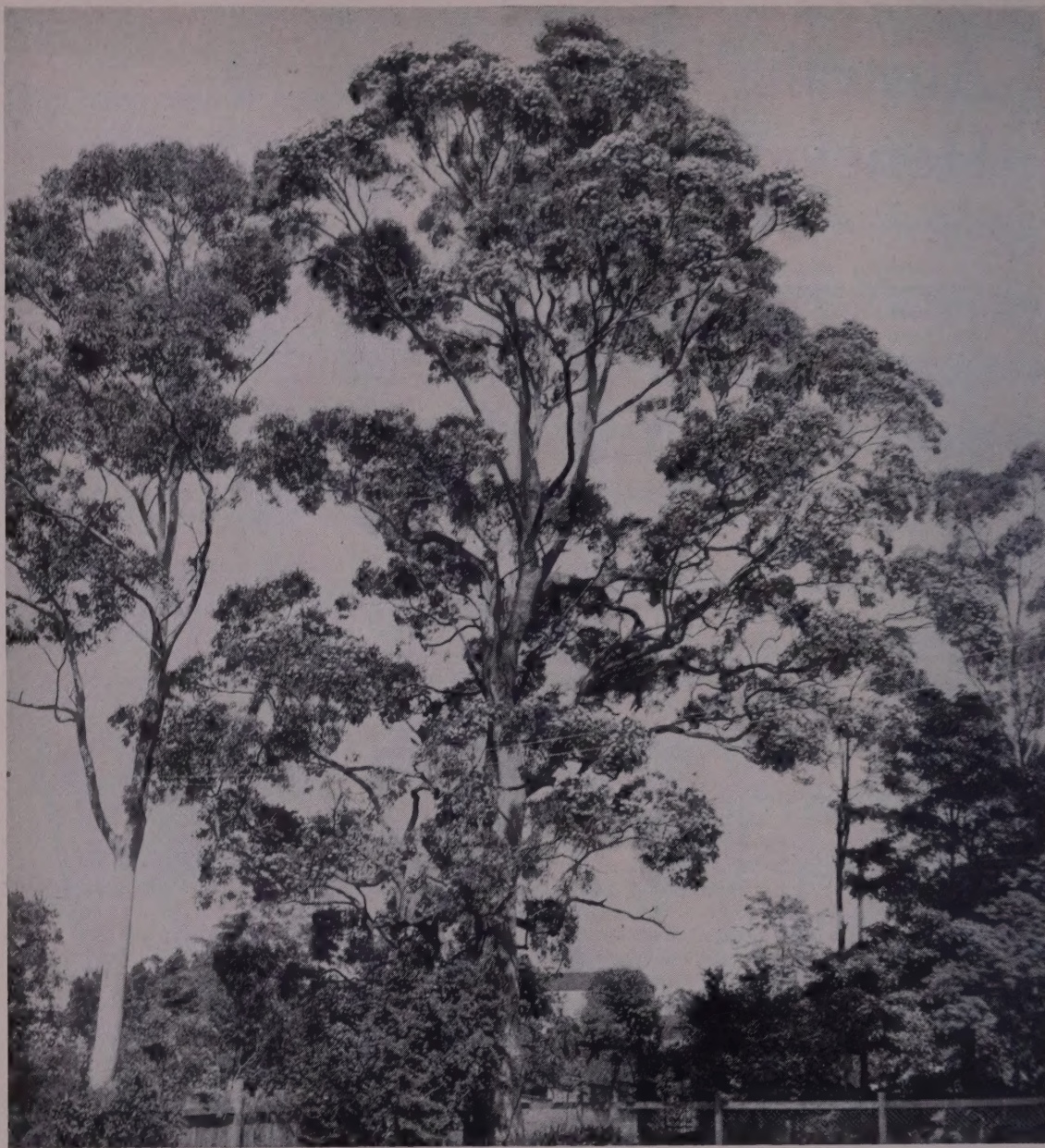
In New South Wales the interior slopes and tablelands of the Great Dividing Range are the most favoured areas. The forests here

are not dense, the country being more park-like than elsewhere and the trees shorter, perhaps forty feet high, usually with large spreading tops. They include yellow-box, red-gum and iron-bark. The yellow-box is one of the world's best honey-trees. The early botanists, finding names for trees of this land, called it *Melliodora*, which might be interpreted as "fragrant with honey". The iron-bark—a hardy little tree with stunted, tortured limbs—will yield, sometimes in the bleakest of winters, buckets full of clear delicious honey.

There are, at the present time, nearly 8000 registered bee-keepers in Australia and doubtless many more who operate in a small way with a few hives and are not registered. The bee-colonies of these registered bee-keepers produce a total of up to 50,000,000 pounds—22,000 tons—of honey a year, worth over £2,000,000. The record year was 1948-49, but the market price of honey in that year was only about 7½d. per pound, whereas by 1957 it was selling at 17d. per pound, wholesale. (These figures are in Australian currency.)

A great deal of this honey is produced by established bee-farmers, situated in good honey-country, where they are assured of blossoms for their bees for the greater portion of the year. However, the phenomenal yields of honey from the flowering eucalypts has created in Australia a body of honey-seekers known as migratory bee-keepers. Equipped with lorries, giant semi-trailers, caravans and all the necessary mobile equipment for the extraction of honey, these men, often with as many as 700 hives, or colonies, of bees, move from place to place, working the 'flows' of honey from the flowering eucalypts. As the blossoms fade, and the flow cuts out in one area, the migratory honey-seeker packs up and moves on to a new site, ever following the blossoming trees as they burst into flower.

This migration is not carried out in any haphazard way. Nothing is left to chance. The modern migratory honey-seeker must not only be an able bee-man, but something



All photographs from the author

A eucalypt in full bloom. The flowering eucalypt-forests of Australia are among the heaviest honey-yielders in the world; and, although the blossom fades and the flow of honey ceases after a month or six weeks, variations in climate, latitude and altitude over the country's vast area cause the flowering of the eucalypts to extend, in the different species, for the greater part of the year. When they are not in flower other trees and shrubs are; thus the migratory bee-keepers, moving from place to place, may collect honey the whole year round

of a botanist as well. He must anticipate honey-flows correctly and plan his work ahead. He must know the chief nectar- and pollen-bearing trees of his State, their periods in bud and flower and the type of honey they produce.

Weeks before moving his bees he must make full enquiries as to the prospects of a good flow in the area to which he is planning to move. These migratory bee-men are a "happy band of brothers" and cooperate in exchanging information as to the prospects in various districts. When a move is contemplated, perhaps a scouting expedition by car is undertaken with one or two fellow bee-keepers, to spy out the land; or a telephone call is put through to a friend in the district in question, enquiring as to the flow. It would be unwise to move without full information; and the experienced bee-man by various means keeps himself well informed, weeks or months ahead, as to the prospects and plans his 'move time-table' accordingly.

Eucalypts are notoriously unreliable in their flowering-habits. Whereas one year a 'stand' is full of flower and honey, the next year it may entirely fail to blossom; or if it

does blossom, there is an absence of nectar and pollen in the blooms. Without adequate investigation, the bee-man might find himself a hundred miles or more from his last stand, with no food for his bees and no nectar for honey.

A frequent drawback to many otherwise ideal bee-sites is a lack of water. A large apiary of several hundred colonies needs an extraordinary amount of water in hot weather. If no natural supply is available within a quarter of a mile or so, and the bee-keeper considers the prospect of a good flow warrants it, he must make provision by installing tanks or drums and transporting water by lorry from the nearest available source. Moreover, the water must be kept cool by being placed well in the shade of trees or shrubs.

An interesting sidelight on the migratory bee-business is that many of the bee-men are insured with Lloyd's in London, through their Australian agents, under a Special Bee Farmers' Fire Policy, protecting them against financial loss through their hives and equipment being destroyed by bush-fires: a very real, ever-present danger.





(Above) Hives are loaded on a lorry and firmly lashed with ropes before leaving on another stage of the migration. Australia's nomadic bee-keepers have to know exactly when and where to go for their honey.
(Below) On arrival at a new site the heavy three-decker hives are set up and soon the bees are busy at work



When it becomes necessary to move the bees to a new site the colonies are usually moved at night. At dusk, when the bees have stopped flying for the day, they are closed in their hives by means of a small steel shutter and moved to the waiting lorry, where they are stacked several storeys high and securely lashed with ropes. Often, if it is a hot night, they are sprayed with water before moving off. The three-decker hives may weigh 80 pounds or more, and the loading and unloading of a hundred or so of them in a night is a strenuous job, for which young, active men are needed.

The whole move is not necessarily made in one night; it may extend over a week, or even a fortnight, according to the urgency of the move, the distance to be covered, the transport available, and the number of men employed by the bee-keeper. The arrival at the new site is generally timed for daylight, or at least early morning, before the full strength of the sun is felt. The bees are the first consideration. As the hives are quickly unloaded they are set up in neat rows in a clearing in the bush.

When all is ready the bees are released. Unless means are taken to prevent it, the bees are likely to emerge from the hives in a

frenzied rush. This is prevented by smoking with a special 'smoke-gun', spraying with water, and by other means in which an experienced bee-keeper is well versed. The bees soon become accustomed to their new surroundings and, within an hour or two, are busy collecting nectar and pollen.

The next job is the setting up of a camp, in which the bee-keepers will live and work for the next few weeks. Tents are pitched, cook-houses put up, whilst some of the men live in caravans. Before nightfall, all are comfortably settled in a new camp in the shelter of the towering gums.

As the bee-keepers are often absent from their homes for months on end, sometimes their wives and families join them at the camp and spend a few happy weeks amidst the scent of smoke and newly gathered honey in the heart of the bush, often many miles from the nearest country town, where food-supplies and mail are drawn.

If the children are of school age, they may continue their studies by correspondence courses mailed to them. These well-organized courses are quite a regular feature of 'out-back' life in Australia and the provision of them by the various State Governments has filled a long-felt want.

An inspector from the Department of Agriculture of New South Wales examining a frame for signs of a contagious disease. The bee-keeper is holding a smoke-gun with which he is quietening the bees



If the flow from the new site is up to expectations, there is soon honey ready for extraction. Under ideal conditions, a hive will often fill in a week and yield sixty pounds or more of honey. Twelve pounds a day is not an unusual yield for a hive, the average number of bees in a hive being about 40,000.

Men pass down the long rows of hives, using a smoke-gun on each hive in turn to keep the bees quiet whilst the frames of comb, heavy with honey, are extracted. These frames are conveyed to a mobile honey-extracting plant. There they are neatly uncapped with ingeniously steam-heated knives, operated by a small heating-plant, the hot steam from it passing through a flexible rubber hose to a jacket on the knife. A cold knife, even if razor-sharp, would soon clog in the honeyed comb, whereas a heated knife goes through it as if it were butter.

The uncapped frames are placed in the power-driven extractors, many of them cap-

able of handling forty-two frames of comb at a time and extracting from 500 to 600 pounds of honey in an hour. The frames are whirled round at great speed in the machine and the honey, thrown out by centrifugal force, runs down the sides and collects in a well at the bottom, from where it is drawn, or pumped, into settling-tanks and allowed to stand and clear before being run off into containers.

Migratory bee-keepers in a small way, who are unable to go to the expense of a mobile honey-extractor, convey their comb to an extractor at a central depot in some nearby country town. Some bee-keepers, even in a big way of business, prefer this course to owning their own extractors.

The honey is usually run off into 60-pound tins. In some cases 44-gallon steel drums are used. It is then sent to distributors for further clarifying, blending of various types of honey, and packing into small containers, which are suitably labelled and marketed. About half

A bee-keeper inspecting a 'runaway' swarm of bees before transferring them to a hive. Nomadic bee-keepers often have as many as 700 colonies of bees which they take with them on their travels





A mobile honey-extracting plant. Not all Australian migratory bee-keepers go to the expense of taking an extractor with them; many of them convey their comb to a central depot for extraction

the annual production of honey in Australia is exported and the balance retained for local consumption. So, in a normal year, 10,000 tons or more finds its way to overseas markets, chiefly Great Britain and West Germany. The exported honey is shipped in 4-gallon steel drums, or sometimes in the 44-gallon drums, and suitably repacked into smaller containers—cartons, bottles, or tins—at its destination.

Careful watch is kept on the contents of the hives and the experienced bee-keeper can tell almost at a glance (indeed some without even looking inside the hives) when the supply of nectar and pollen is easing off. Preparations must then be made for a fresh move within a week or two.

So the migratory bee-keeper spends the greater part of the year chasing the heavy flows of the blossoming trees as they burst into flower in district after district. Even in winter there are species which bloom and, in fact, give some of the greatest flows of honey; for instance the spotted-gum in the coastal areas, the mulga iron-bark inland, and the white-box, perhaps the best producer

of them all, in the inland areas of New South Wales.

Many of this band of migratory bee-keepers throughout Australia are well-to-do and, over the years, have established themselves so solidly that they are able to withstand bad seasons and other misfortunes that are often the lot of the honey-seeker. Others, however, generally more recent comers to the industry and possessing little capital, lead a more precarious existence.

Honey-seeking is a business that can be started in a very small way, with a few hives and practically no capital; and, if luck is with him, an energetic man can gradually build up and, in the course of a year or two, make a steady living. But should he, early in his career as a bee-man, encounter a bad season, drought, or other misfortune, such as a heavy fall in the price of honey, it is quite on the cards that he will be forced out of business. However, despite high wages offering in other industries, fluctuating prices of honey or poor yields, very few "bee-herders" forsake, of their own free will, the nomadic life they have chosen.

Festival in Portugal

by MICHAEL CROWDER

Lumping together Spain and Portugal, like the similar treatment of the Scandinavian countries, is a bad Anglo-Saxon habit. As the author shows, the visitor to Portugal's most famous festival, held every August at Viana do Castelo, has ample opportunity to distinguish not only the national character of that country, but also the difference of temperament between its North and South

THREE figures, dressed uniformly in black, plodded wearily along the dusty street. At their side trotted a child clothed in a dirty brown frock, with wooden sandals clacking hard on the cobbled roadway. They made strange contrast with the bright lights of the street and the orange and blue festoons with which it was decorated. On their backs they carried heavy luggage and even the child was weighed down with parcels, so that the cheery roar of the fun-fair at the end of the street seemed only to add to their burden. Soon, as they neared the fair, they halted by an open piece of land separating two stalls selling locally made pottery. They took two large blankets from a case, laid one on the ground and then, stretching themselves out on it, drew the other over them and fell fast asleep.

That night and for the next two days, similar groups of peasants made their way towards the small town of Viana do Castelo in the northernmost province of Portugal for the great religious festival of Our Lady of the Agony.

"Of course it is terrible for these poor peasants," the manager of the hotel where I was staying told me, "the town is already packed. Most of them have not a hope of finding a bed for the night. They'll have to sleep on the beaches or in the streets. All the hotels and pensions have been booked up for months. You yourself are lucky that I managed to find you a room in a private house. But you'll have to pay for it: almost three times the normal price." I winced at this piece of information. He shrugged his shoulders. "It's a question of supply and demand, you see. And don't forget the owner and his family are probably sleeping on the floor to give you a bed. Festivals have their problems."

I could not help thinking that, whatever the problems of this festival, the hotel-keeper would have no cause for regret.

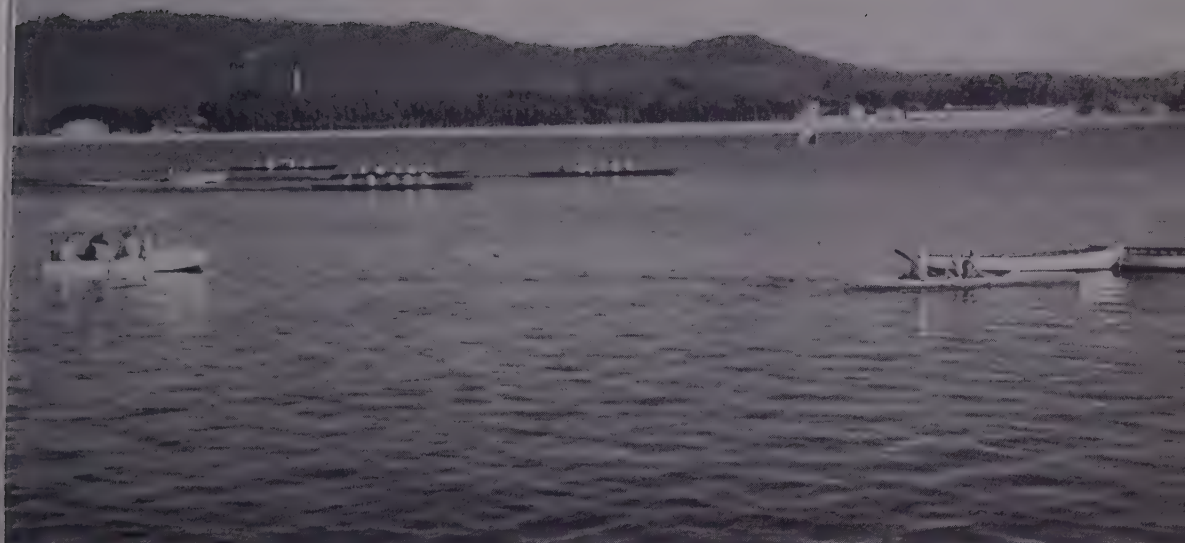
All that evening the town was in turmoil, as the inhabitants worked furiously on the decorations for this, the most famous festival

in Portugal. Almost overnight their quiet little town, hugging closely the banks of the River Lima, which the Romans called Lethe, had assumed a brash, cosmopolitan air. Wandering gipsies plied their wares on the pavements. Two days earlier a great fair had bundled its way along the narrow streets of brightly tiled houses towards the Campo da Agonia which is dominated by the church of Nossa Senhora da Agonia, whence each year the long religious procession that is the focal point of the festival starts. Already the local pronunciation of Portuguese was giving way to the livelier, more vigorous accents of the South, and in the small pavement cafés the tic-a-tac of French could be heard.

"Yes! Festival is all very well for those who can afford it. But", said the cobbler, hitting a nail hard into the sole of a shoe he was mending, "for the poor it is not so much fun. Most of them have to work nearly all the time, for Viana is not a rich town, and Festival is one time when they can make some money."

On the first day of the festival the sun rose to a clear sky, lighting up the eucalyptus-wooded hills of the Arcadian province of Minho. It glittered on the slow waters of the Lima, which threads its way through some of the most ravishing country in the world. This was not the Iberian peninsula the Moors knew, a land of fiery contrasts, of cruel sun and harsh and bitter earth. Indeed, the gentility and fertility of the hills of the Minho were more reminiscent of Denmark or the Black Forest. It is strange how many Portuguese are quite unaware of the beauty of their most northerly province, where in what is now the small industrial town of Guimaraes the first capital of Portugal was proclaimed.

That morning the town resounded to the knock of hammers and to the heavy tramp of women carting great stacks of chairs to the riverside park. Groups of pipers with red fishermen's hats and white shirts and trousers, followed by drummers, played their way lustily through the streets, sounding for all the



All photographs by the author

The small fishing-town of Viana do Castelo is the setting for one of the most famous festivals in Portugal, which takes place every year in honour of Our Lady of the Agony. The religious ceremonies occupy only a few hours on the second day; the rest of the festival is devoted mainly to pleasure: fun-fairs, parades, music, dancing and fireworks. The proceedings are opened (above) by a regatta on the River Lima in which crews from every part of Portugal compete. (Right) Inhabitants of the surrounding villages, tucked away in the hills of the Minho, Portugal's northernmost province, make their way to the town to participate in the three-day-long celebrations





world as though they had just arrived from some obscure Western Isle where the bagpipe had followed its own peculiar development. The cases of many of the pipes were in tartans, and it seemed obvious that there must be some connection between these pipes and those of Scotland. I asked several people whether they knew of any such connection, but it seemed never to have occurred to them. These small bands, called *Zés-Pereiras*, were indefatigable, piping their way through the narrowest alleys from sunrise to well past midnight, a clarion call to festival. In their wake larger, better-disciplined bands burst through the main streets. Then at eleven came the *Gigantones*: monster figures which, escorted by a group of diminutive grotesques, pirouetted, lolled and lumbered into the ancient main square, with its superb *Misericordia* and exquisite Renaissance fountain. A hundred excited children followed behind them. The *Zés-Pereiras* piped merrily as these strange figures found a resting-place outside the mediaeval Council House.

But in other parts of the town there were more serious matters. On the waterfront hundreds of cloth-stalls had been erected and peasant women from the surrounding villages bargained hard for lengths to make dresses. The vivid colour of the stalls and the flashing reds and blacks of the women's skirts and the shrill cries of the vendors

transported me for a moment from Viana to a West African cloth-market. At the same time cattle from nearby villages, fine, tender-faced animals, walked slowly towards the cattle-show from which many returned later, the triumphant, if somewhat bewildered, possessors of prizes.

Festival in Viana is not the exciting *fiesta* of Spain nor even of Southern Portugal, where the crowds dance in the streets with mad, intoxicated abandon, where wine, women and song flow freely. Festival in Viana is a serious affair, highly organized and well disciplined. The population treat their festival with a Germanic seriousness that seems quite out of place in the Iberian peninsula. For them the pleasure is in the excellence of the achievement as a whole rather than in participation. On the first night I even overheard a woman, dressed smartly in black, discussing in the middle of a staggeringly brilliant display of static fireworks, for which Viana is justly famous, the relative merits of this and the previous year's display.

"Personally", she said rather pompously to her neighbour, "I don't think this is nearly as good as last year."

"Well, you know," replied her neighbour, seemingly oblivious to the pyrotechnic miracles around her, "I always have thought that last year's was exceptional."

(Opposite) For the children of Viana the favourite event of the festival is the procession of Gigantones, grotesque figures of giants accompanied by an escort of dwarfs. (Right) The Gigantones finish their tour of the town outside the mediæval Council House in Viana's main square. There they stand with inane expressions, making an odd contrast with the elegance of the young girls (below) who display the traditional costumes of Viana from the steps of the exquisite Renaissance fountain. These costumes, called "à Vianensa", and the superb Baroque jewelry worn with them come from the local museum. Some of them are over a hundred years old and all were woven and embroidered by hand as most of the modern costumes, apart from those sold to tourists, still are today



Later when I returned to London I mentioned these impressions to a lady who had been to many festivals in Viana earlier in the century. She agreed with me that the Northerners were more reserved than the Southerners, but she was inclined to attribute the seriousness of the festival, its lack of Iberian fire, to other reasons.

"Festival", she told me, "is something spontaneous. It comes from within, from the heart, you might say. People make festivals among themselves. It is a moment of intimacy when a community enjoys itself together. In Viana in the old days they used to make festival. But now that it has become organized as a tourist attraction, now that people are burdened with all the worries of its preparation, now that so many opportunities of making money are presented, there can be no real festival. No doubt to the visitor this seems better than the real thing. But if you go to one of the nearby villages for festival, you will see the difference. There the villagers dance and sing in the streets as they do in the South. But they only dance in Viana in the early hours of the morning when no-one is watching."

Thus Festival in Viana was more a series of spectacles than an united whole, of which the first was the regatta on the broad estuary of

the Lima. Crews from all over Portugal, including the ancient university of Coimbra, competed for the many prizes offered that evening. At nightfall the beautiful riverside parks were illuminated by hundreds of candles burning in yellow and orange cases and the flower-beds were planted with a thousand glowing flowers so it seemed that the Milky Way had somehow found its way to earth, and the strange pattern of stars in the sky above was merely its dull reflection. In one corner of the park a very indifferent brass band played overtures by Beethoven and Mozart.

Then, when they had finished, a group of young men and women gave a display of the traditional songs and dances of the Minho with immense precision and skill. How different were the songs and music to which they danced from those of the South! There was none of the fire of Andalusia, none of the terrible sadness of Alicante. Instead these were gay, tripping songs, with neat, jolly peasant dances, the sort of dances that are appropriate to the countryside of the Minho which should be inhabited by Dresden china dolls rather than human beings. "Who doesn't know Viana, doesn't know Portugal" sang a girl dressed in the brilliant red and orange costume typical of the region. And against this background stood hundreds of serious-faced townspeople, watching the exacting performances with stern eyes, occasionally praising, but more frequently criticizing. A young girl from Lisbon, standing at my side, exclaimed to her friend: "I really don't understand these Northerners. Why don't they let themselves go? They never seem to enjoy life."

The second day of the festival was peculiarly quiet. There seemed to be few people in the streets and only the Zés-Pereiras reminded me that this was festival-time. Occasionally a little angel, complete with high-arched wings and saffron robes, would scurry furtively down a side-street, or some Biblical Queen of diminutive stature would smile self-consciously as she crossed the road to gain the approval of her relatives. By five that evening the town was packed, but the same curious silence that had dominated the morning still prevailed. For in an hour's time the great procession of Our Lady of the Agony was to begin. In the small church of Nossa Senhora da Agonia, with its angel-wing façade, all was bustle as little angels of three and four years old were placed in the right part of the procession and given last-minute instructions.

"Now remember, dear, you are not to rush





All Kodachromes by the author

The Viana festival is punctuated by the music of small bands of bagpipers and drummers called Zés-Pereiras. They wander the streets from dawn to dusk playing music that seems to be a strange mixture of Portuguese and Scottish, an impression that is further heightened by the tartans used by some of the pipers to cover their pipes. If anyone's festive spirit flags, the Zés-Pereiras are sure to be there to revive them. Only on the third night, when the festival is over, are they silent



The Festas da Traje, or parade of local costumes, lasts for over two hours. Peasants come from nearby villages to take part in the procession, waiting their turn in the small pine-groves behind the stadium. Some gossip or make last-minute adjustments to their costumes; while others pass their time in dancing



The costumes of Viana do Castelo are famous throughout Portugal for their brilliance, variety and intricacy of design. In a parade of dazzlingly vivid colours these costumes were some of the most attractive





The most moving moment in the whole festival is the emergence of Our Lady of the Agony, borne high on a silver bier, from the church dedicated to her, to make her tour of Viana do Castelo

ahead of the three queens as you did last year. Just keep right behind the two page-boys and you will be all right."

"Yes, Mama!" the tiny girl with the huge wig of flaxen ringlets promised; her face serious and brow furrowed as her hands searched behind her back to make sure that her wings were still there. Late arrivals were hustled through the crowds by harassed parents.

At last the deacons with purple cassocks emerged in front of the church, their crosses glinting in the evening sun. They were followed by the first band of diminutive angels, with foreheads so puckered that it seemed it was all their tiny heads could do to remember the many instructions they had been given and to realize the solemnity of the occasion. Ceaselessly they poured forth, their faces scrubbed clean, their robes pure white, brilliant saffron or crimson velvet. They portrayed almost every scene from the Bible, carrying small placards to announce the particular episode they represented. Finally came the Virgin, borne high on a shining platter carried by eight men. And as Our Lady of the Agony came forth from the church, the old peasant women, who that morning had knelt at her feet in humble

prayer, knelt once more, their hard, lined faces expressing a deep piety that is perhaps possible only for the very poor. All along the route the crowds knelt as the Virgin passed, and from the carpet-hung houses confetti was showered on her. Soon the Virgin met with Christ on the Cross, carried from another church and attended by a similar retinue of angels. Together they processed through the town. Last from the church emerged the Archbishop of Braga, within whose see the town of Viana comes. Once more the people knelt to receive his blessing.

The end of the procession seemed to be the opening of a valve. The crowd was suddenly loosed from its religious responsibility; and that night, with something of the gay abandon of the South, they hurried to the fun-fair and late into the night they milled around the Campo da Agonia in a vast, sweaty mass, till at four in the morning only a lonely piper, passing beneath my bedroom window, stirred the town with an air of such exquisite melancholy that to have heard it alone would have made the festival worthwhile.

For me, the real attraction of the Romaria da Agonia, or at least what distinguished it from all other festivals, was the Festas da Traje, a display of regional costumes. The

An anxious mother guides her little angel, who is not sure of her proper place in the procession





(Above) The festival of Viana do Castelo closes with a bull-fight, the brilliance of its parade rivaling the Festas da Traje. Though less gory and even light-hearted, for many the excitement of the duel (below) between cavaleiro and bull is even greater than that of the classic fight of Spanish matadors



costumes of the Minho must be among the most picturesque in the world. In most of the surrounding villages the dresses are predominantly scarlet, as they are in Viana itself. In some, however, they are blue and green. For three hours on Sunday afternoon, the last day of the festival, girls and young men from around Viana paraded through the local stadium in a fantastic procession of polychromatic costumes. Every conceivable type was displayed, from the curious black marriage-costumes of Viana hung with gold medallions to the strange straw cloaks worn by the shepherds in the fields. Women span wool as they passed, fishermen all but fished as they carted their nets around the stadium, bands played, girls danced, and in the dazzling sun the eye soon became confused by the kaleidoscope of colour. The girl from Lisbon, who spoke perfect English and acted as my guide that afternoon, pointed to one of the beautiful red costumes of Viana.

"It's amazing to think that those costumes are hand-stitched from top to bottom by the wearer," she said.

"But what about the ones I saw for sale in the main street yesterday?" I asked her.

"Huh! Those!" Her face registered disgust. "No self-respecting girl would wear one she had not made herself, unless, for instance" she drew my attention to some superb costumes being displayed on the grandstand "they were like those over there. They are very old and precious. They come from the Municipal museum." Certainly these were the most beautiful dresses we had seen that day.

Close on the Festas da Traje followed the bull-fight. I was invited by the owner of the ring, which stood on the outskirts of the town, to watch it from the stockade itself. After standing there, amongst the matadors and *bandarilhas*, watching the bull pass so close to me that I could touch its horns, I shall find any other position in the bull-ring almost dull.

For the Portuguese the bull-fight is a very different matter than for the Spaniards. There is no death, no cruel maiming of the horse, no violent letting of blood. By comparison it seems a light-hearted event, which demonstrates at one and the same time the Portuguese hatred of the capital sentence and their very fundamental difference from the Spaniards. Yet danger is not absent. Indeed the matador, without the right to use his sword, and the horseman, without the heavy lance of Spain, run far greater risks.

A fanfare of trumpets announced the first *cavaleiro*, a fine figure of a man dressed in Louis Quinze costume, riding a sleek pony that performed circus tricks to an admiring crowd. Then with a great rush a fierce black bull entered the ring and the cavaleiro, crying mockingly "*Hah! Hah! Toro!*", charged at the bull, implanting a small, aggravating dart in its neck with his lance. Each time he discharged a dart the lance grew shorter, so that the last dart of all involved incredible skill on the part of the horseman and, on the part of the horse, exacting discipline. Then the bull was played on foot by *bandarilhas*, followed by a matador, complete with sword covered carefully by his scarlet cloak. But the death was only feigned, so that all the excitement of man versus beast was had without the final, agonizing bloodshed. The climax of the fight was an immense feat of strength when the *moças de forcado*, a group of eight young men, advanced on the bull, one seizing its horns, the rest grappling it at the sides; and within a few seconds they had brought it to a standstill. As the crowd cheered the indignant bull was drawn away by a herd of cows, the professional seducers of the Portuguese bull-ring.

At midnight on the last day a violent incandescence of fireworks streaked across the sky. In the park the crowds packed tight, and in some corners they danced. In others they sat drinking the *vinho verde*, or young, unmatured wines of the region. Suddenly the far bank of the Lima seemed to be ablaze, and the pinewoods were given dramatic outline by the flames. The great Eiffel bridge which spans the river became a glittering waterfall, whilst above it an uncontrolled pyrotechnic display took place. The festival lost all its Northern seriousness, and an excited feeling seized the crowd. For a moment I caught the spirit of the South, as the bands played louder and the fireworks became more profuse, more chaotic. Then abruptly the festival was over. The fiery water ceased to flow from the bridge and it returned to its more mundane occupation of conveying the immense traffic of the night towards the South. It was as though some Fairy Godmother had proclaimed Viana a Cinderella for the night, and at the appointed hour all the magic and finery had vanished. Even the little bands of Zés-Pereiras were silent now. And slowly and tiredly the small groups of peasants, among them no doubt the ones I had watched arrive that first night, returned to their villages, to the wine-harvest and another year's hard work.

Nature Films in Geography

by MARY FIELD

With the collaboration of Dr Manvell, Director of the British Film Academy, we have published a series of articles on documentary films, paying special regard to their geographical value. This is, however, by no means the only point at which 'films of fact' touch the geographical field: another resides in the revelation of our own and other people's surroundings through nature films. Miss Field has been concerned for thirty years in producing educational and documentary films; among other books she is a joint author of the Penguin volumes Ciné Biology and See How They Grow

"Nature films are of great educational value."

THIS is a truism and so is its rider that they must be of use in spreading throughout the world a knowledge of geographical conditions. For the general viewer, either in the cinema or at home at the television screen, can get information from a nature film only in the same proportion as he brings his own knowledge to it. The contribution of the viewer varies not only with his general educational and social background, but also with his knowledge of Natural History. Moreover, his attitude to the plant and animal kingdoms will vary according to his race and may not conform in any way with that of the film-maker. Thus it is possible for a nature film actually to confuse and mislead rather than to inform.

The term "nature film" is in itself vague and liable to create misunderstanding since so many different kinds of film can come within this category. In laboratories, special cell-processes or bacterial reactions may be filmed by ciné-micrography and used for research or demonstration purposes. Such short and unedited lengths are as much nature films as the simple moving-pictures, often silent, of animals and birds which are produced to give an experience of reality in nature-study classes for very young children. Senior classes at grammar schools and university students use films of an advanced type such as *Hydra*, *Obelia*, *Paramecium*, both to help them in recognizing shapes under the microscope and as aids to preparation and revision. These too are nature films. So are documentary films for specialized showing such as *The Rival World*, the international prize winning production of the Shell Film Unit, made partly to support the F.A.O's campaign against locusts. This, though a highly polished production, makes no concession to popular taste. Short nature films making such concessions are the pre-war British *Secrets of Life* series, *The African Lion* and other Disney films, or British Transport's

picture which won the 1958 British Film Academy award, *Journey into Spring*. Besides these short interest-films of natural life, there are a limited number of feature length and quality. Who could forget Arne Sucksdorff's simple masterpiece *The Great Adventure*, the Russian colour-film *Life in the Arctic*, the many excellent Hungarian pictures of wild life in the countryside, or Disney's *Perri* and *The Living Desert*? These films, made and marketed with all the attention to public entertainment usually devoted to pictures featuring popular film-stars are as much nature films as the primary-school picture *Sheep and Lambs* or the biologist's unedited recording of an experiment. No wonder that claims for the value of nature films, either for direct or indirect instruction, tend to be confused.

Perhaps the purely scientific and directly instructional films are not usually in the minds of people who emphasize the importance of nature films. They tend to think more of documentary and entertainment films of varying lengths. The value of such films for imparting knowledge of the natural history of one's own or of foreign countries could certainly be very considerable; yet it is frequently superficial and misleading. The main reason for this is that the producers, absorbed for weeks, months or even, in some cases, years in the making of a film, tend to forget the basic ignorance of the audiences. They themselves are only too aware of the conditions under which the film has been made but they neglect to make the viewers equally aware. Every film-maker should visualize audiences in town and country and in every geographical zone. What do such viewers know of climatic conditions different from their own and how can they appreciate the ways of animals, birds, insects, fishes, plants or even of man, facing problems outside their personal experience? Indeed, in Britain, the only first-hand knowledge that many town-dwellers have of Nature is limited



Both photographs by courtesy of British Transport



Journey into Spring, a British Transport Commission colour-film illustrating the spring-time natural history of Selborne, the Hampshire village made famous by Gilbert White, the 18th-century parson-naturalist. (Above) A hanger, a wood on the steep hillside, is part of the setting of the film in which the flora and fauna of a small area are examined as they develop from March to June. (Left) A close-up of a vole



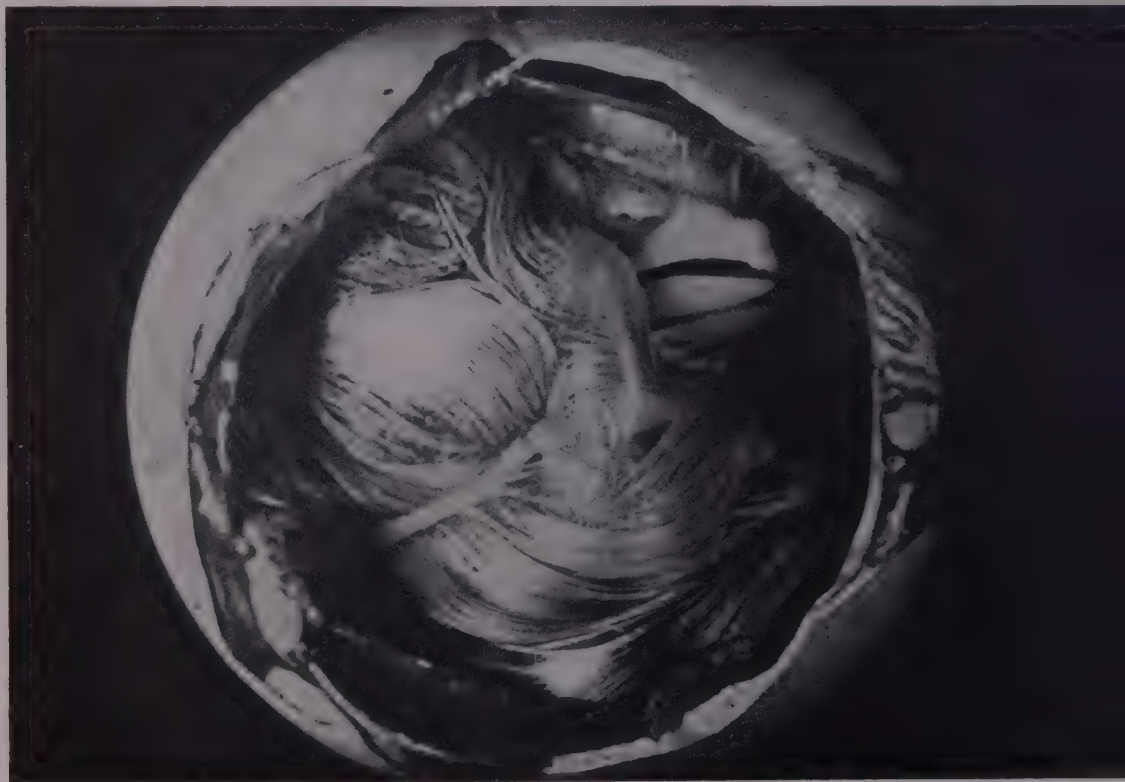
National Film Archive

Stills from the late F. Percy Smith's instructional series Secrets of Nature and Secrets of Life.

(Above) *A nasturtium flower photographed in the act of producing pollen (Life of a Plant, 1926).*

(Below) *A young chick about to peck its way from the shell, from Development of the Chick, 1937*

National Film Archive



to the budgerigar and the case of tropical fish in the sitting-room of their flat. I once heard a person with such limited experience lecturing on film-appreciation with illustrations from Basil Wright's *Song of Ceylon*. Unable to differentiate between the shapes of hawks, cranes and ducks, the lecturer treated them all as 'birds' and, in so doing, attributed to the producer a film-treatment of which he had never dreamed.

The nature film-maker must, therefore, start at the beginning, presupposing ignorance and possibly not even a desire to learn on the part of viewers. Any real lover of Nature in the audience will not be irked by this simplicity of approach for he will bring to the enjoyment of the film his own wider knowledge, as did Sir Edward Salisbury, who exclaimed on seeing a simple record of a cabbage-leaf breathing: "I always knew this happened but I have never seen it happen before." For he had noted with delight a movement that only the most advanced botanist could either expect or recognize.

A close-up of a locust's head from the Shell Film Unit picture 'The Rival World'. Great care was taken by the producer of this film to avoid misleading anyone as to the real size of the locust. In nature films questions of relative scale and of time always have to be scrupulously considered

So the subject which forms the theme of a nature film must first be placed in its background. There must be some indication of the climate, the soil and the general geographical conditions. This involves a good deal of detailed work by the producer, together with a lively imagination which can seize upon and present entertainingly the smallest detail in the landscape which suggests drought, cold, heat or inundation. John Heyer has done this magnificently in some sections of *The Forerunner*, which depict flood and drought in Australia.

Next, the size of the various subjects must be made clear to the audience. It is only too easy for people who are in direct contact with wild animals to forget that, on the screen, owing to the use of different lenses, they may easily give an impression of size which is possibly the reverse of the actual ratio. For instance, recently there was, in an otherwise very well-made Canadian film, a picture of a frog which was used in editing as a cut-away. But it appeared to be larger than the beavers

National Film Archive





courtesy of Walt Disney Film Distributors Ltd

A pair of Cedar waxwings, beautifully photographed in Walt Disney's first "True Life" fantasy, Perri. But, alas, the waxwings sing a duet that is quite unlikely to be heard in a real wood

who were the main subject of the study. The town-dweller might easily assume that the frog and the beaver were more or less equal in size, the frog having a slight advantage. The vegetation at the side of the river had not been photographed to provide any recognizable yardstick for the size of the creatures in and by the water. But, as human beings appeared in the film, it would not have been difficult to have introduced a man's foot in a boot, as a standard of size. Perhaps the best-known and almost hackneyed illustration of this failure of audiences to appreciate those sizes which are a commonplace to the biologist, is that of the Africans who were shown an anti-mosquito film in order to encourage them to combat malaria. Their unexpected response was that they had no need to trouble about the malarial mosquito in their territory because their mosquitos were small and not like the giants which

appeared on the screen and from which the British apparently suffered. In case we feel superior to the Africans there is an authentic case of an Inspector of the Ministry of Education in a Midland town attending a lesson on cows and dairy-produce. The lesson was excellent and all went well until the Inspector intervened and enquired the size of a cow. After some hesitation one child suggested an animal about a foot-and-a-half long. His sole contact with a cow had been a little model of a cow in one of the windows of the local dairy. And, if ignorance of size makes a nature film misleading, speeded-up photography can be desperately confusing. Witness the sad case of the primary-school class in a great sea-port who were fascinated by a teaching-film on the scarlet-runner. In the film the speed of growth and movement was considerably magnified. At its own urgent request the class was taken to some

allotments on the outskirts of the town and there bleak disappointment and even tears resulted, for the scarlet-runners made no visible movement to the naked eye and failed to whip round the beanstalk or rotate wildly when reaching the top as they did in the film.

During the short length of a film, and even a feature-film is relatively short as Nature views time, it is almost impossible not to give a wrong impression of the quantity and variety of wild life that can be seen in any one part of the world. There is a general impression that all countries swarm with wild animals, birds and insects. Anyone after seeing Disney's *The Living Desert* might well be amazed at the desertedness of a real desert. The English *Babes in the Wood*, the Hungarian films of Homoki-Nagy as well as feature-films shot in Africa are equally misleading in the quantities of wild creatures they portray as swarming over the countryside. This was very forcibly brought home to me, personally, a short time ago in India when I was told I was driving through tiger

country. Yet during three hours we saw not a living creature except an occasional bird. On another occasion, driving through the jungle at night, we were regarded as lucky to have seen one black panther and to have picked up a hyena in our headlights. Yet a film about the Indian jungle would, of necessity, represent quantities of animals of all shapes and types peering from the grass and coming down to the pools in the dry river-beds. The reality, nothing visible, would make very poor entertainment for two hours or even instruction for ten minutes.

Nature films are probably at their most valuable in revealing the national attitudes of their makers towards Nature and wild life. This might well form the basis of a lengthy psychological study; even considered superficially it is interesting. The majority of the nature films from the United States show a preoccupation with violence and sex and a complete anthropomorphic attitude which is now foreign to Europe. Apparently to the American audience Nature is of interest only

A mother lion taking home a kill for her hungry family. African Lion, a Walt Disney "True Life" film, took three years to make and, except for a slight exaggeration of the numbers of game found outside the game reserves, gives an accurate survey of the position in Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda

By courtesy of Walt Disney Film Distributors Ltd

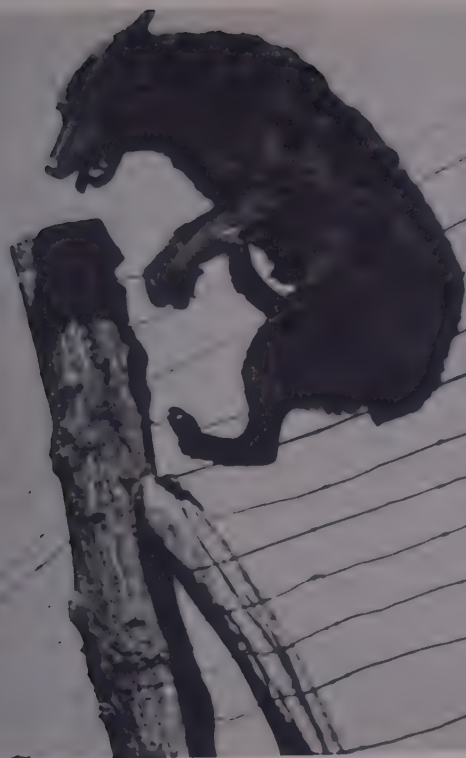




Both photographs from National Film Archive



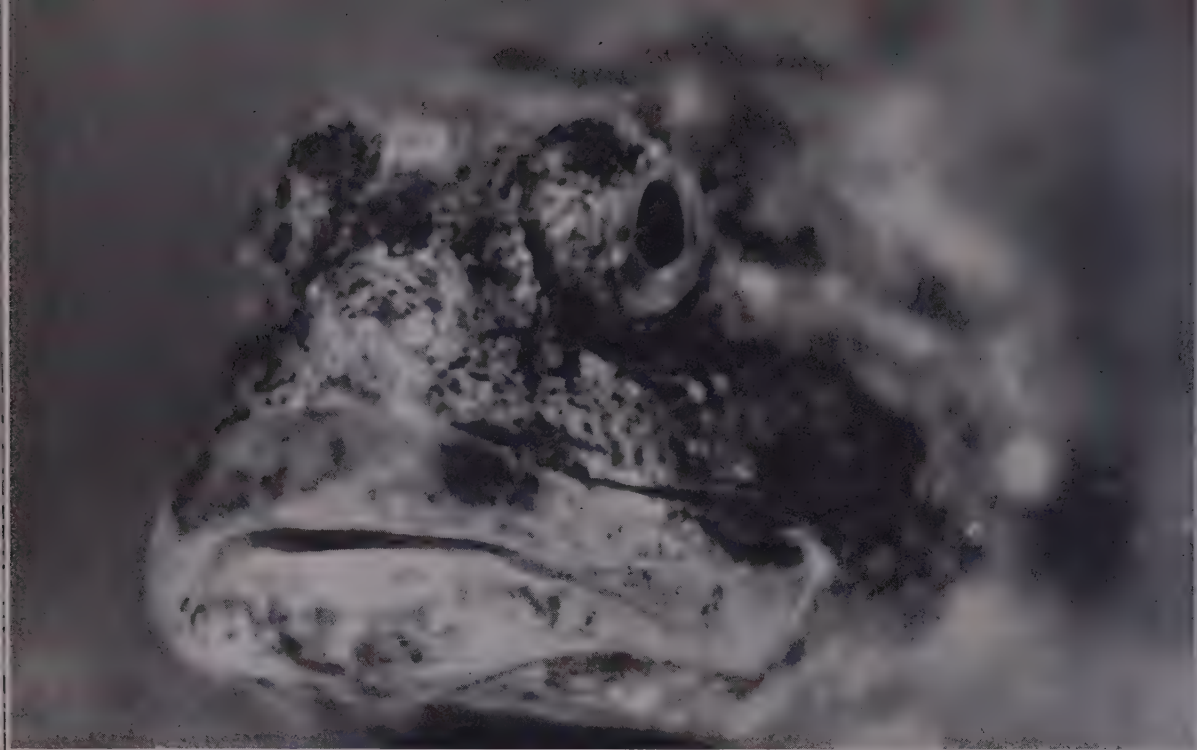
Arne Sucksdorff, the Swedish nature photographer, devotes years to the production of a film. In his famous story of an otter, *The Great Adventure*, he first defines the terrain and then moves into closer views of the creatures of woods and marshes. (Above) Three fox-cubs playing together in the woods, a scene no-one can ordinarily ever hope to witness. (Left) Two otters quarrelling over a kill. This film, though manipulated to provide screen drama, is an accurate scientific study of Nature



Red-footed falcon in nest, 1/20 sec. 1/100 sec. 1/1000 sec.

Homoki-Nagy, the Hungarian, films Nature as it is, red in tooth and claw, without the philosophy of life that permeates the work of Sucksdorff and makes the tragedies of wild creatures seem inevitable rather than brutal. (Above) An illustration suggesting despair, from Homoki-Nagy's Fight for Life, a study of the struggle for existence among animals and insects. (Right) In the Forest of the Red-Footed Falcon, by the same photographer, is an example of brilliant effects obtained by natural lighting





Plato Films Ltd

Life in the Arctic. *This Soviet film provides an excellent blend of material taken on location and (above) in a tank. But unfortunately the close-up of the fish gives little indication of actual size. (Below) Winged Guardians aimed to teach Russian children to understand birds and treat them properly*

Plato Films Ltd



as the habits of wild creatures can be approximated to those of man. Even American scientific films tend to be treated as entertainment and have music not only at the beginning but sometimes even running through the commentary which is not always innocent of wisecracks. The Swedes, on the other hand, living in a country where life is conditioned to realism by the climate, have no illusions about Nature. It is beautiful; it is logical; and the logic may involve what sentimentalists will call cruelty and which the Swedes accept as life. This appears very clearly in the lovely nature films of Arne Sucksdorff. His work is typical of most of northern Europe and is different in essence from American dramatic and contrived cruelty. The Russians and the Hungarians have the same realistic approach as the Swedes so that the producers of a children's film on the cooperation of villagers to rid themselves of wolves see nothing unsuitable for entertainment in the attack of wolves on a pen of sheep nor in two wolf-cubs pulling a fox-cub to pieces. Nevertheless it is possible to detect in some films from the Soviet bloc a deliberate manipulation of nature films to encourage a belief in the survival of the fittest and to emphasize the need for toughness in human beings as well as in the animal world. German nature photography is exquisite but, strangely enough, does not always display the patience that is necessary to show natural processes in complete detail. That patience was particularly exemplified in Great Britain before the war when the cinematographers and ciné-micrographers who worked for G.B. Instructional Films thought nothing of spending four years on a ten-minute film in order to record every detail and not have to fall back on diagrams, which destroy the illusion of actuality.

The British before the war used to show sentimentality and perhaps a national 'hypocrisy' in their nature films, dwelling lovingly on young creatures and avoiding nearly everything that suggested redness of tooth and claw. But this was largely the fault of the censorship of the period which not only cut out shots of horses falling in a steeplechase but even protected the public from seeing a polecat being driven by a dog from a nest it was about to rob. And no fox could do more than let its mouth water at a rabbit.

The Arab and Asian countries make no significant contribution to nature photography. Muslim religious teaching, which tends to discount the representation of living creatures, may partly explain this in some

countries; but no such influence is exerted by Hinduism or Buddhism and I am at a loss to account for the complete lack of interest in nature films that is evinced by film-makers in countries where the industry is so large as in India or Japan.

It is possible to detect a great difference in the amount of polish which is put into nature films in different countries. Polish demands time; and time, in any kind of filming, is synonymous with money. Nowadays it is largely the state-financed film industries which can afford to make a really polished film; polish in this case not meaning just bright colour, lively music and a commentary used to distract attention from any lack of detail but the really costly polish of good taste together with the practical expense involved in thousands of feet of film exposed in order to keep the right continuity and detail. How far this polish is really necessary for the viewing public is questionable for, in many countries, people are becoming accustomed to viewing nature films on television whose urgency denies to a certain extent the time and detail demanded by the large cinema-screen or even the small amateur screen in the laboratory. But, if a television picture sets out to give a true image of life, then attention must be paid to setting the scene clearly. It is almost impossible on television to tell the difference between sand and snow unless real care, with the small screen in mind, is devoted to the original photography.

One may agree, therefore, that nature films can and should be of the greatest value in widening our knowledge of other countries. But, without technical skill and knowledge of screen-presentation, the chances are that films of this type will be misleading. Their real value undoubtedly lies in their power to open the eyes of the man in the street to the exciting world of Nature. This need not be far away in other countries but around him and his fellows as they look out of the window, walk to work, drive on holiday or concentrate on their day-to-day activities. Nothing is more lovely than the growth of mould on cheese yet how few housewives are aware of the fairy garden they scrape off into the sink? It is the business of nature films to help us to see beauty in our own surroundings and then to visualize the different environments of our fellow-men throughout the globe. And, beyond this, they can tell to us those "strange wild tales" for which Coleridge craved to rouse people from their apathy to the wonders about them that are theirs merely for the seeing.

Three Antipodean Republics

II. Argentina, a Troubled Colossus

by MICHAEL TEAGUE

South America's most completely European populations are to be found in the three Republics of the American Antipodes: Uruguay, Argentina and Chile. Mr Teague has just been visiting them; and in three articles, of which this is the second, he describes their respective social, economic and political characters in such a way as to reveal the similarities and differences between them

I SPENT most of my evenings in Buenos Aires sitting in a café in the Calle Florida, which is the smart shopping-street of the city. I never tired of watching the elegant crowds sedately parading past the well-stocked shops. Nobody appeared to be in any hurry. They were all extremely well dressed, gravely social in manner and wore the contented, slightly bovine expression that one usually associates with the innocently prosperous. How well, I thought, they fitted into the background of the city.

Buenos Aires has been called the "Paris of the South"; to my mind it lacks the necessary charm and variety to earn such a title but it is certainly a remarkable place. Space is the first impression it gives, space and weight. An apparently endless gridiron-pattern of streets stretches back from the river into the vastness of the plains. Everywhere there are wide avenues, large parks, monumental statuary and ponderous-looking public buildings. Although it was first founded in 1536, there are few traces of colonial days left there now. Perhaps that is one reason why it is slightly lacking in character. It grew up in the 19th century with the occupation and exploitation of the pampas and despite the superficial modernity of its appearance today—the shops for instance are almost self-consciously 'contemporary' in style and arrangement—the whole atmosphere of the place belongs to an earlier period of untroubled wealth and prosperity.

But this solid façade is deceptive. This was impressed upon me by an Argentine friend, an economics student, as we sat one evening at my Florida vantage-point. "Our shop-window," said he, dismissing the passers-by with a wave of his hand, "the real wealth of the country lies back there"—a thumb was jerked in the general direction of the pampas.

He was the son of an *estanciero* and although he had spent many years of his life being educated in the capital, his heart and ideals remained firmly wedded to the land.

"But hasn't that always been the case?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed," he replied, "but agriculture cannot be expected to remain the pillar of the country's economy indefinitely if it is given no incentives to develop and expand, as has been the case in the last decade."

The old cry of the 'Back to the Land' boys, I thought. I had heard it in Uruguay. I was to hear it again in Chile. I jokingly informed my friend that I had been told that there was nothing wrong with the state of Argentine agriculture that a good harvest couldn't put right. This produced a derisive snort. "That is what they always say, but I can assure you that the trouble goes deeper than that. You should go into the *campo* and see for yourself."

The following week I had the chance to take his advice. The *campo* in Argentina really means the pampas, that vast billiard-table of land which fans out behind Buenos Aires for a distance of over 500 miles. Although this area accounts for little more than a fifth of Argentina's total, nearly three-quarters of the population live there and the overwhelming majority of the arable and pastoral wealth of the country is concentrated within its borders. This wealth still provides over 93 per cent of Argentina's exports today, despite the new industrial face which she has put on in the last ten years. Driving along the dusty, straight roads which cut across the vast plain, I was reminded of what I once heard about travel on the pampas making one feel "at sea on the land". Under the enormous dome of sky, with that level vastness stretching away into the horizon on all sides, one did indeed feel as if one were riding

a sea of land in a tiny boat. One can drive for miles and miles and never see a brook or stream. The water is all pumped from underground and windmills now replace the giant ombú tree in the role of 'Lighthouse of the Pampas'.

The *estancia* I had been invited to belonged to an Anglo-Argentine family, whose forbears had come to the country over a century ago. By pampas standards their farm was not large: 10,000 acres or so. It possessed no sprawling Victorian Gothic ranch-house, no sunken gardens, no butlers; these luxuries were the exception rather than the rule on *estancias* today, I was told with a smile. But the main house was large and spacious and comfortable. Around it were grouped the farm offices, stables, shearing-sheds and modest dwellings of the *peons* (labourers). Through the groves of carefully tended trees surrounding the house—trees are difficult to grow in pampas soil—one caught glimpses of fields of wheat and corn stretching into the distance and of sleek but tough-looking cattle parading their pastures. The whole place appeared to be completely self-contained and very efficiently managed. Certainly it showed no signs of the neglect I might have expected to see after what I had heard in Buenos Aires.

My host enlightened me on this score. "The land is still productive enough," he assured me, "but production is static and has been so for over a decade. We are told that we have to increase it to meet the demands of a fast-growing internal market and still provide sufficient surpluses for export. That is obvious; but how can we do so without the necessary incentives? We suffer from price-controls based on overvalued exchange-rates, insufficient credit-facilities and a governmental policy which sometimes favours grain-production, sometimes stock-raising; it is often very difficult to straddle the resulting seesaw. Ah, the heritage of Perón," he concluded with a sigh.

This is the cry one hears over and over again in Argentina, be it a matter of strikes, inflation, financial troubles, the problem of industry or the neglect of agriculture. The whole country still lives under the lengthened shadow of a man who succeeded, during the six years he was in power, in accomplishing a revolution the consequences of which have yet to be fully assessed. He broke the power of the ruling oligarchy of landowners and he disrupted the traditional pattern of the country's economy by pushing forward, at the expense of agriculture, an over-ambitious 'national' programme of industrial expansion. The export trade suffered as a result. Most

important of all he, together with his glamorous wife Evita, spoon-fed the manual workers into believing that all they had to do was to ask and more would be given them. This Fairy Godmother attitude can no longer be sustained; the result has been a wave of strikes and demands for wage-increases which have held up production and sent inflation spiralling.

The task of reconstruction which faced General Aramburu and his 'caretaker' government and which now faces the recently elected President Frondizi is a mammoth one requiring the help and cooperation of all classes. Calls for austerity have so far met with little response. The Argentines are not people who find it easy to tighten their belts, particularly after Perón's jamboree session of benefits. They require strong leadership. Beneath those heavy, earth-bound faces I had first noticed in Buenos Aires lie temperamental spirits, difficult to govern. According to one Argentine I met this was due to the strong infusion of Italian blood in the country. "Scratch an Argentine and you find a Sicilian," he told me. He himself was of German extraction.

The issue is further complicated by nationalism. One cannot understand Argentina today without taking this potent factor. El pulpo inglés (the "English octopus" of railways) was the key to the development of Argentina. Out of 26,800 miles, 20,000 were British-owned. The whole system was nationalized in 1948. Now much of it is in need of urgent repair

Peter Allen, from *On the Old Lines* (Cleaver-Hume Press Ltd), 19



into consideration, for it plays a larger part there than anywhere else in South America. It is a curious type of nationalism, militant, rather self-conscious and somewhat erratic in its application. One can see it at work in such questions as foreign exploitation of the Patagonian oil-fields. These are potentially very rich, but despite the fact that Argentina has to import over half her fuel-requirements and eats up a goodly proportion of her precious foreign exchange in doing so, she is determined to keep foreign companies from exploiting resources she seems incapable of developing by herself. "It would be an insult to our national dignity," an Argentine told me. But upon this question of "national dignity" much of the reconstruction of the country's economy depends, for Argentina suffers from a chronic shortage of fuel and power.

One meets these nationalistic 'blind spots' in other spheres; over Britain's 'rigging' of the meat market, for instance. This is a hoary perennial. Another is the question of the Falkland Islands (known always to the Argentines as the Malvinas and claimed by

them as Argentine territory). I heard a story in Buenos Aires of an Englishwoman who complained to a hairdresser about the way he had done her hair. "I don't care if you don't like it," he cried angrily, "what about the Malvinas?" The Americans often come under heavier fire. In this context, I recall a conversation I overheard between two waiters in a café. They were discussing some deal the "Yanquis" were supposedly forcing on the reluctant Argentine government. "And what if we don't agree?" said one. "Ah, then they will send Perón back to frighten us into doing so," replied the other. This was said in all seriousness. I was reminded of those stories of 19th-century nannies threatening their charges with the imminent arrival of "Boney" to keep them in order.

But nationalism in Argentina is tempered, paradoxically, with a genuine liking for foreigners, particularly Europeans. The European background of the population is one explanation for this, for the country remains the 'whitest' and most 'European' of the South American republics. (It has never had a Negro problem and scarcely ever an

Indian or *mestizo* one.) Despite a determination never again to submit to 'foreign economic imperialism', there is a keen desire to attract foreign capital, although opinion is still divided as to whether this should be controlled or not. The desire to do so is understandable enough in view of the urgent need to replace obsolete machinery, to improve transport (particularly the railways, which are in a shocking state), electric power and fuel supplies if the industrial productivity of the country is to be maintained, let alone expanded.

The question of the re-equipment of industry is of the greatest importance. "We need five to six hundred million dollars' worth of new equipment," a manufacturer told me. "But so far we haven't really begun to meet these requirements."

"Why not?" I queried.

"Government policy," he answered. "To safeguard the balance of payments we are subjected to a formidable array of import controls, quotas and restrictions. Naturally the

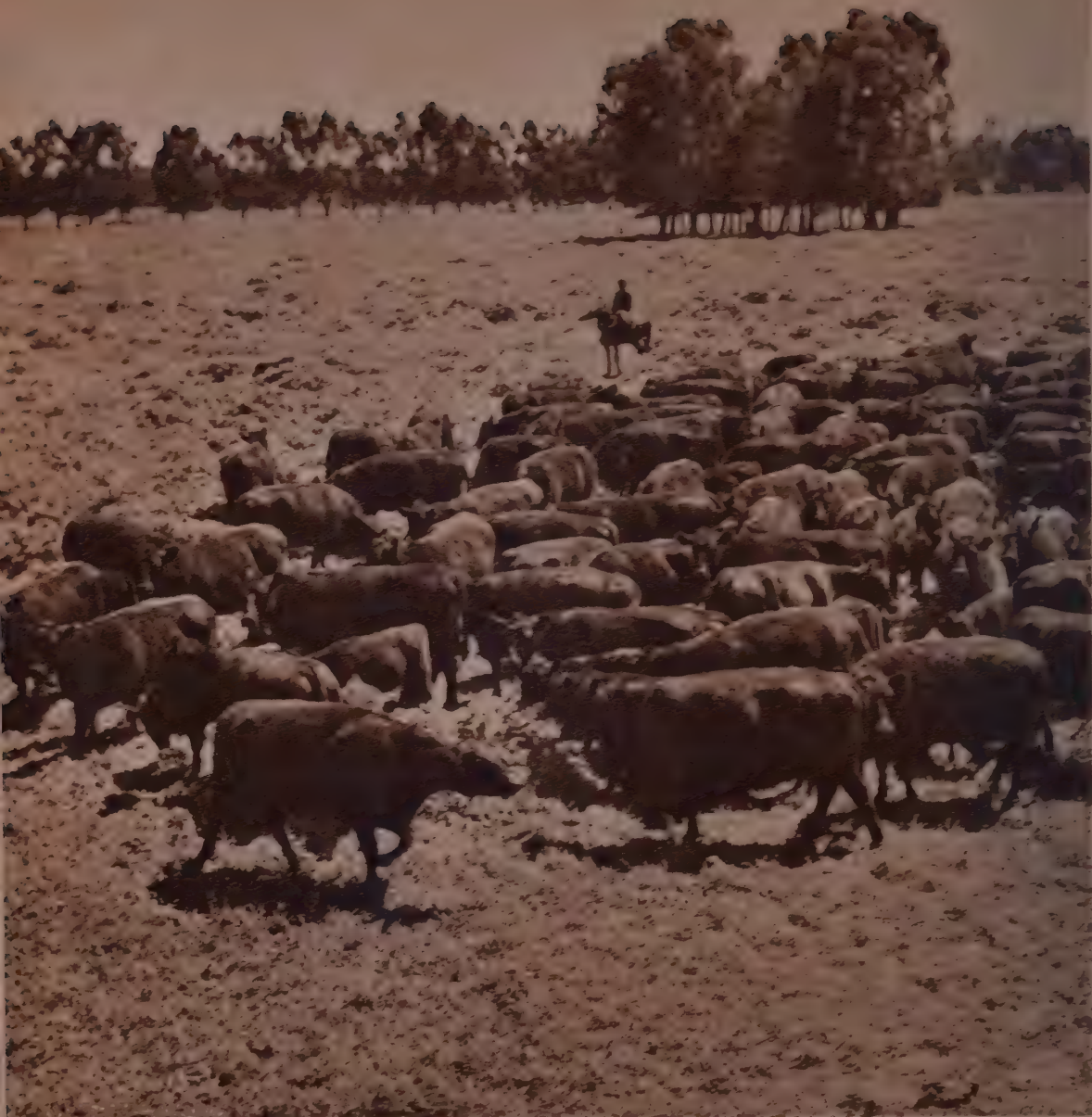


A. J. Thornton



By courtesy of the Argentine Emb

Argentina has acquired a new face during the last decade by its bold advance in industry, but little has been done to improve agricultural techniques or to encourage farm production, so the character of the campo is essentially unchanged. These two farm-workers are wearing the usual gaucho dress of check shirt and wide trousers. The one on the left is slicing leather with the long gaucho knife known as a *facón*; the other is preparing yerba maté tea, which is drunk from a gourd through a silver 'straw'



by courtesy of the Argentine Embassy

(Above) An Aberdeen Angus herd in the Province of Buenos Aires, where a third of Argentina's 44,000,000 head of cattle are bred. Cattle form the traditional and actual basis of the country's wealth. Those providing beef for export are mainly of British breeds (Shorthorn, Hereford, Aberdeen Angus), while the criollo cattle, descended from breeds introduced by the Spaniards, find their chief market locally or in neighbouring countries. Although the export of beef and cattle-products is decreasing because of strong pressure on the supplies by an increasing population, in 1957 no less than 550,000 metric tons of meat were exported. Pastoral farming (meat, hides, wool and dairy-produce) accounted for 52 per cent of the country's exports compared to 40 per cent from arable farming (cereals, linseed and flour). (Opposite) Frigorífico Anglo in Buenos Aires handles a quarter of Argentina's meat export trade: 500 head of cattle are prepared there every hour. This illustration shows the carcasses being cut up and cleaned on the slaughtering-floor; afterwards they will be despatched to the freezers to await shipment



7060



By courtesy of the Argentine Embassy

Extensive and centrally situated, the port of Buenos Aires consists of two great basins (the North and the South) and four adjacent docks. The grain-elevators and frigorificos are all in the dock area. The jagged skyline of the port's fine modern installations provides the visitor's first sight of Buenos Aires from the river; while in the city itself are several vantage-points where one can look down on the busy spectacle of the port backed by the muddy waters of the Rio de la Plata. The river is here thirty miles wide; yet the open Atlantic is 150 miles away. Buenos Aires is not only Argentina's chief port, but the outlet for the vast inland river-system linking it with Uruguay, Paraguay and Brazil

Buenos Aires is the commercial, industrial and political centre of Argentina. Its seventy-seven square miles and nearly 4,000,000 inhabitants also make it the largest city in Latin America. This view is of the Avenida 9 de Julio, reputed to be the widest street in the world. The name commemorates Argentina's Independence Day, July 9, 1816, when Spanish dominion was finally shaken off. The obelisk was erected in 1936 to mark the city's 400th birthday. The city is characterized by the generous proportions of its gridiron layout; by its wealth of parks and gardens; and by its many public monuments

By courtesy of B.O.A.



A scene on the beach at Vicente Lopez, a short distance from the centre of Buenos Aires. Being encircled by the pampas the city has little to offer in the way of nearby holiday resorts, and for their summer bathing the poorer people have to make do with the mud-flats of the Río de la Plata. Argentina, however, possesses plenty of scenic variety and amenity, both in the far-off Andes and at the seaside

Michael Teague





Michael Tre

To these the rich can afford to go. Many choose the fashionable resort of Bariloche, high up in the Andes. Close by, dominating a national park, is the snow-capped peak of the Cerro Tronador (Thunderer), so called because of the tremendous noise made by its glaciers when they thaw out in the summer



Michael Teague

The cult of hero-worship for leaders of the 19th-century Independence movement remains strong. Near Mendoza, which is 600 miles west of Buenos Aires on the way to Santiago, an enormous monument to San Martín and his "Army of the Andes" attracts many visitors every year. The monument commemorates San Martín's epic crossing of the Andes in 1817 to help the Chileans gain their independence from Spain

consequences would be disastrous if these were all suddenly removed, but there are means of limiting importation without strangling it altogether. There is too much of this 'managed economy' idea today. Few seem to realize that there is no-one better qualified than the manufacturer himself to know what it best suits his interests to import with the limited resources at his disposal for that purpose. And they are pretty limited," he concluded ruefully.

"And what about the protection of local industry?" I asked.

"Ah, there you have a problem," he smiled. "Obviously there must be quantitative restrictions on the importation of goods, which are manufactured locally. Likewise foreign capital should be made preferentially welcome only in sectors which do not prejudice or discourage national enterprise. But this does not mean that the latter should be cut off from sources of foreign credit and technical assistance." A subtle case of eating one's cake and having it, I thought!

The position of the British in Argentina is interesting if only from the historical point of view. Our roots there go deep, so deep in fact that the country was once given the nickname of the "Sixth Dominion". British capital, farmers, engineers and businessmen played a cardinal role in Argentina's development, whether it was a matter of improved farming techniques, the development of the meat-packing industry or the introduction of such important public utilities as gas, electricity, tramways and telegraphs. The railways were the greatest single factor; they were almost exclusively laid, run and owned by the British until Perón nationalized them in 1948. The Argentines, particularly the politicians, might still talk of "*el pulpo inglés*" (the English octopus: the nickname given to the railways) and paint a dramatic picture of British enterprise rushing the beef and mutton off the pampas, into the waiting ships and out of the country without as much as a backward glance; but the fact remains that the railways were the key to the whole development of Argentina into a modern state.

Our heyday there is obviously over, although a large amount of British capital remains invested and a powerful Anglo-Argentine community retains considerable interests in both agriculture and industry. The consumer-goods market will never again be the lucrative field it once was for us. Nevertheless Argentina still offers some attractive opportunities to the businessman and investor, particularly with regard to the

sale of machinery, transport equipment and other capital goods.

As a British businessman told me: "The situation doesn't merit a stampede. Certainly the opportunities are there. 9000 miles of railway-track and a considerable proportion of the rolling-stock are in urgent need of replacement. And look at the new contracts awarded to British firms for a 600,000-kilowatt power-station and seven sub-stations for Buenos Aires, to say nothing of the £10,000,000 order for Comets placed by Argentine Airlines. But under the present unstable conditions the market needs to be approached with care. One has to be quite an expert at pulling the right chestnuts out of the fire."

An Argentine waxed more indignant about the advisability of offering up any chestnuts at all at the present time. "It's all very well for the *Dirección de Agua y Energía* to allocate millions of pesos right and left to call for tenders to build power-stations and hydro-electric works and so on," he said. "But if these apparently unlimited funds do exist, surely they should be applied to balancing the budget and halting inflation? If, on the other hand, these ambitious plans are to be carried out simply by increasing the deficits, then the whole approach to the problem is wrong." It all seemed to me to boil down to the old problem of the swings and the roundabouts.

I found Argentina a difficult place to understand. It is a puzzling and fascinating country, which cannot be fitted into any accepted 'Latin-American' mould. At times one feels that perhaps its best days are already past, that it will never successfully realize the possibilities so tantalizingly displayed. At others, it seems to hold the key to everything, to be in fact what the Argentines themselves always maintain it is: the most powerful and materially progressive state in South America. Few would deny, however, that today it faces the most serious crisis in its history. The normal growing-pains of any large, young country have been complicated in this case by the former dictator's policy. Only against the background of the revolutionary changes of the last decade can Argentina be understood today. The bid to reinstate the democratic principle in government has been successfully made; the economic malaise remains to be dealt with. "Agriculture and oil: with these the future of the country is secure," an Argentine told me. Perhaps he is right. But the problems which they present have still to be tackled with the necessary vigour and purpose.

At the Feet of a Modern Yogi

by TUVIA GELBLUM

A challenge is being offered to both Communism and Capitalism. A new solution to Humanity's problems is being suggested by Vinoba Bhave, by a completely new attitude, from a new angle, from within the soul of Man. Just imagine! For the first time in the history of humanity a man appeals to the conscience of land-owners asking them to give away land to the landless, AND THEY GIVE! India which has never lacked beggars, both amateurs, and professionals of the most fantastic types, sees now an original beggar: a sixty-year-old ascetic who has given up his own property, home and private life, and wanders from door to door asking land for others, for the good of society, and in exchange preaching love, a new way of life and new values of self-sufficiency and self-sacrifice, and illustrating all this by setting himself as an example. I wish I could join Vinoba myself and watch closely how this wonder is being performed . . .

THESE words which I had heard from Professor Martin Buber, the celebrated Israeli sociologist, were echoing in my mind as I travelled in a bone-grinding bullock-cart on my journey to Vinoba. Vinoba was then walking among the villages of northern Bihar, one of the most remote of Indian States close to the northern border of India, a region where the sound of a train is never heard. The catastrophic floods which had befallen the district at that time had not yet receded, and to the curious foreigners who had asked to meet him Vinoba cabled that they were not to risk their lives in trying to reach him. But he himself had not left the area even when there was a mass flight of villagers who had witnessed their own homes being completely submerged under the water. He did not stop his journey even for one day. Every night he stayed in a different village, sleeping in temples, tents, bamboo huts and in open fields.

The railway having been submerged by the flood-water, I travelled variously on foot, by bullock-cart and elephant, according to the depth of the water in the area. One could feel the presence of Vinoba while still many miles from him, in the villages through which he had already passed: the people were different; the atmosphere was unusual; good-heartedness and compassion shone from the farmers' faces.

When I finally reached Vinoba, in a

marooned village called Maura, I joined his party which consisted of twenty of his followers, both villagers and townsfolk, men and also a few women. They were *jivandis*, people who vow to dedicate their lives to Vinoba's enterprise and never to return to their old lives, their homes and families as long as there are landless peasants in India. They have humorously given to their voluntary service the name "Vinoba's Prison", implying that they are excluded from their family life unless they get special permission from Vinoba, that they have tied their own fate to his. It was becoming late and on the ground inside a large bamboo hut our hosts, the local villagers, spread mats on which we all lay down to sleep.

Precisely at 3 o'clock next morning I was awakened by voices singing hymns from the *Ramayana*, the Hindu epic. The camp rose for the night prayer, which consisted of the half-singing, half-whispering of Sanskrit hymns. The atmosphere evoked by the singing at that hour of night was indescribable. When listening to it you could not tell whether the music originated in the hearts of the singers and was being poured out into the dark mysterious night, or originated in the night and was being poured into their hearts.

At 4 o'clock Vinoba took a lantern in his hand and set out on his *yatra* (foot-journey). In the dark he marched quickly through banana-groves and entangled jungles; a silhouette of an ascetic, thin and upright, grey-bearded, spectacled, barefoot and naked except for a *dhoti* round his loins.

He was followed by a line of his followers who marched behind him in deep impressive silence. Nobody uttered a sound; not even a dog barked. Only the unexpected shriek of a night bird occasionally broke the silence. We were all barefoot and half naked, having with us no luggage whatsoever, no food, no arms for self-defence: "A society with no ownership! Everything belongs to God!" The general impression was that of a Commando night-platoon out for an attack. But this was a non-violent attack, a 'looting of hearts'.

Vinoba usually travels seventeen miles a day, but now that we were marching through fields covered with water often as high as a man, he reduced the daily distance to twelve miles. He stuck, however, to his principles:

The "saint of action", Vinoba Bhave, who walks through India begging land for the landless. The Bhoodan or "Land Gift" Movement which Vinoba founded in 1951 has now grown to such proportions that no fewer than 4,000,000 acres have been given



The author

the journey must go on. He would not use a boat as long as the water only reached the shoulders and when he had to use one he stood upright in it. When it rained he refused an umbrella, saying: "Rain is sent to us by God." He never stopped by the way.

As we passed through sleeping villages I could discern here and there in the darkness white shadows standing by the sides of the path. Villagers had risen from their beds to bless and be blessed by the saint who was passing through. They quietly joined the palms of their hands before their hearts and bowed reverently.

At 5 o'clock Vinoba stopped to eat his breakfast: one glass of curds, with a little crude sugar. He turned the food a dozen times in his mouth before swallowing it, and while doing this he nourished his eyes and soul with the sight of the rising sun or the distant view of the top of Everest burning in the light of the sunrise. Truly the scene was awe-inspiring. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon Vinoba repeated the meal he had eaten twelve hours previously, and this was all his daily food.

When we reached the scheduled village the

sun was already high in the sky. At its entrance many villagers joined us in a procession, carrying flags, throwing flowers over Vinoba, singing, beating drums and shouting every now and then slogans like: "In our village there will be no landless!"

In the village we would be offered a meal served on banana-leaves consisting mainly of rice and home-refined sugar. The food was poor, both in quantity and in quality, but what we got was the best the villagers could afford. Vinoba's people never eat any food-stuff produced in towns and never wear any dress which is not home-spun. This is part of their code of behaviour. Other characteristics are their self-service, avoiding the employment of servants, and their insistence more than any other Indian social group on the use of Hindi rather than English in their correspondence and all their dealings.

Immediately after the meal the volunteer workers would start their work of guidance. They went from hut to hut convincing the 'haves' that they should give to the 'have-nots'. Usually the major part of the land-collecting had already been completed before Vinoba's coming. The villagers presented him with a



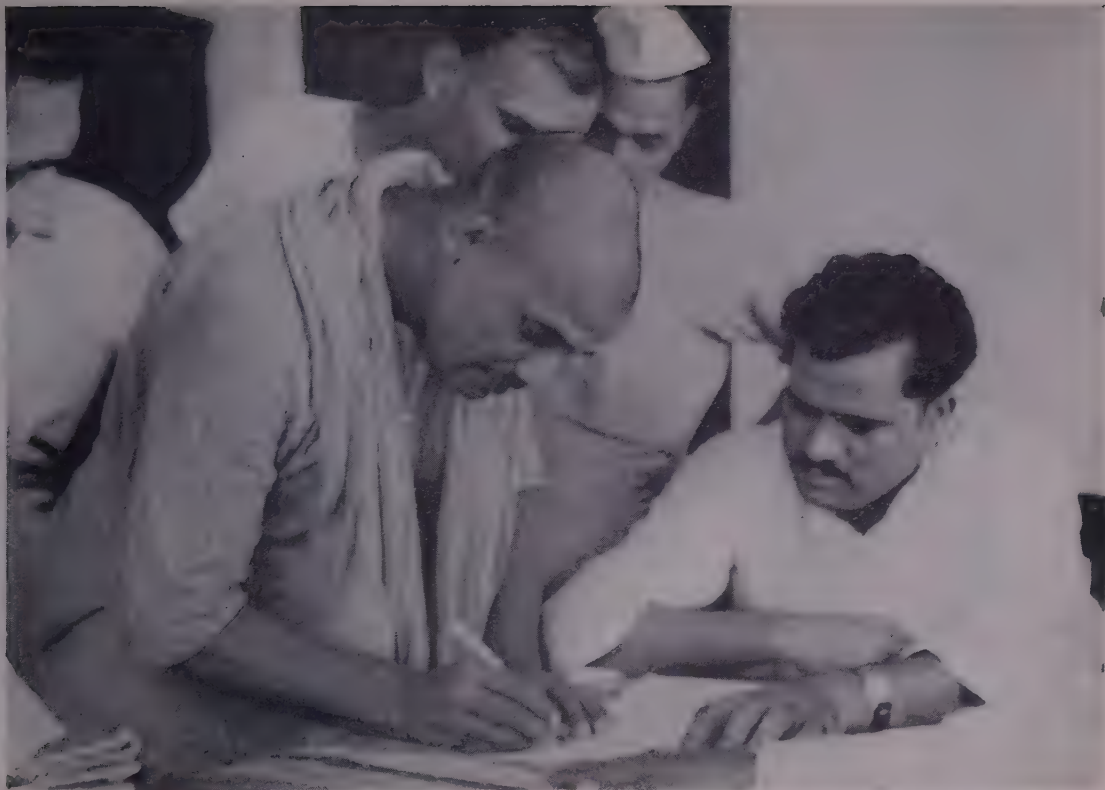
The Hindu, Madras

religious offering in the form of the amounts of land which they were to give up. His coming only resulted in the confirmation of the gifts. And after he left the place, a local committee of volunteers would complete the transactions.

The excitement in the village reached its climax at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, people from all the neighbouring villages having flocked in to listen to Vinoba who was called by them affectionately "Babaji", or Father (whereas Gandhi is referred to as "Bapuji", Grandfather). By and by there assembled the poorest of the poor, hunger-stricken day-labourers, together with Maharajas who came mounted on elephants. Traditional caste-restrictions were broken and near each other sat low-caste aboriginal women with only the lower part of their dark-tanned bodies covered, carrying one baby tied up on their back while suckling another, and high-caste women wearing vivid saris and immense rings in their ears and nostrils and on their feet, moving gracefully like Greek nymphs. Together they sat before the godly man who had brought honour and blessing to them by coming to their village. They garlanded him with flowers and burned incense at his feet.

Vinoba himself would sit Buddha-like on a small stage, his eyes radiating love.

There now began an emotional build-up, a most instructive lesson for anybody who takes an interest in social psychology. A religious ceremony started. Those attending were the people of rural India, perhaps the most religious-minded people in the world, and they were led slowly towards a state of mind suggestive, to a Westerner, of a trance. A public prayer was conducted by Mahadevi Tay, a widow from Vinoba's monastery, an ascetic wearing black spectacles, reminiscent in her appearance of the women who used to accompany Gandhi. The prayer-songs, hymns from the ancient epics, began with solo singing and the public, being as fond of music as they are religious-minded, later joined in, repeating the short rhythmic stanzas, the whole culminating in a mystical whisper-like singing while the eyes of all were closed. An absolute silence lasting for a few minutes ended the prayer. This was complemented by a very impressive visual effect: as the prayer was going on, one of Vinoba's disciples sat at his feet, engaged in ritual spinning. The thread smoothly and rhythmically moved up and down as if symbolizing



By courtesy of the Press and Information Bureau, Government of India

(Opposite) Vinoba Bhave and his followers travel on foot from village to village, setting out at 4 a.m. each morning after prayers and stopping in the afternoon at the appointed village. There he preaches to crowds from the neighbouring district. (Above) A landowner signing away his property for the benefit of (right) such people as these: a uniquely Indian solution for a world-wide problem. As a rule the landowners have already arranged to hand over a proportion of their property before the arrival of Vinoba, the gift being confirmed symbolically during his meeting, and the formal transactions are completed after his departure. "Looting by love" Vinoba calls it, for the movement is essentially a religious one, running parallel to government schemes for agrarian reform



John Seymour

the Gandhi-Vinoba teaching of humble happy work and self-sufficiency.

When these preliminaries were over, Vinoba started his speech. He delivered it in Hindi, one of the seventeen languages he knows. His style is pure and classical, its sentences simple and understandable by all as well as being spiced with wit and humour.

"I have come to loot you by love", he said. "Taking on the average that there are five members in a family, would you not accept me as the sixth? Regard me as an additional heir born to you and give me my share for the benefit of the poor." He outlined his aspirations in brief: "I want to change the people's hearts and then I want change in their lives, and in this way the whole social structure will be changed."

His speech often turned into a friendly talk with one or two members of the audience. He both asked and was asked questions. Once, when he was asked about the problem of over-population and the need for birth-control he answered: "To ask whether the earth can carry the population is like asking whether the head is capable of carrying all the hair." When questioned on the problem of the fragmentation of holdings which was caused by the redistribution of land, he answered: "I am not concerned with the fragmentation of land, but with the fragmentation of heart." When asked what would happen if his movement were not successful, he answered: "We have got to believe in our ultimate success. A physician cannot simultaneously give treatment to the patient and prepare for his burial."

Usually at the end of his talk one of his workers would come up on the stage and announce the results so far achieved in the area. In one village, I remember, somebody was saying: "And now I shall read the names of those nine persons who gave up the whole of their property . . ." He was interrupted by a member of the audience who requested him not to mention names. When I asked the reason I was told that by publicizing the name of the giver the merit of the giving would be lost, because publicity might be regarded as a prize to the person concerned. On that occasion I could not believe my ears. But in another village I could not believe my eyes: an old villager, only a few torn rags hanging on his protruding bones, approached Vinoba and asked him to accept all he had, his three or four acres of land. Never have I seen anything more moving.

Vinoba appealed at first to the poor and only later to the rich. And surprisingly enough the statistics which his workers keep

show that the response among the poor themselves is much more liberal than among the rich. Only towards the end of the day, in the evening, did Vinoba hold an exclusive meeting with the big landlords. One by one they rose in turn and, referring to Vinoba as their respected father, each announced the amount of his property and the amount of his contribution. It sometimes happened that Vinoba considered the amount contributed too small in proportion to the property in which case he gave back the whole contribution. In these meetings Vinoba often had a personal father-to-son talk with the landlords, and many a family quarrel was incidentally settled.

The charm and influence that Vinoba's personality radiates are perhaps evident from the following episode. In one village the population became so enthusiastic at Vinoba's preaching that there and then they unanimously decided to give up completely all their lands to Vinoba to be redistributed equally among them. After Vinoba had left their village, however, some of the men changed their minds and started grumbling: "We should not have done that. We did it hastily on the spur of the moment." But their wives insisted that they should stick to their lofty undertaking. Soon the whole village was divided into two parties, the women against the men. When Vinoba heard about this quarrel he immediately returned to the village and in the presence of all he tore to pieces the land-transfer documents which they had signed. On seeing this the men grew very ashamed of themselves, repented and again offered him all their lands.

Vinoba is one of the happiest men I have ever met. His cheerfulness, good humour and phenomenal inner strength overflow and pass into all those who come in contact with him. This happens in spite of his fragile body, since he has long suffered from a severe illness. His surprising regenerative powers seem to stem from an inner health which is perhaps connected with his deep happiness. This last characteristic is explainable in the light of the Indian philosophy which he not only believes in but lives by, and the fascinating harmony in his personality which combines wisdom and a vast erudition with a full life of devotion and self-realization.

But the impression of his outstanding happiness and the lack of any bitter feelings in spite of the daily struggle in which he is engaged, is second only to a much stronger impression which is made on anybody who has lived near him for some time—an impression of holiness.



By courtesy of the Press and Information Bureau, Government of India

One of the first to offer his lands was the President of the Republic of India, Dr Rajendra Prasad, himself originally a peasant. Both he and the Prime Minister, Mr Nehru, support the Land Gift Movement. (Above) The liveried servants and panoply of state which often surround the President contrast sharply (below) with his own home-spun clothes and simple bearing as he sits with Vinoba at the latter's camp

The Hindu, Madras



When I started my journey, looking forward to meeting him, my head was bursting with the many questions and problems which I had in mind to ask and discuss with him. But after having stayed with him for a couple of days, walking beside him silently, I no longer felt any need to ask questions. Many problems were as though solved within myself. Vinoba's silence conveyed to me more enlightenment than a discussion with talkative intellectuals would have done. When I mentioned this to a wise old Bengali from Calcutta, his face suddenly lit up as he smiled thoughtfully and said: "You should know, my son, that this characteristic which you have noticed in Vinoba is a genuine indication of a real *yogi*, of a godly man."

Truly India has remained a land of wonders. Forces which would seem to the Westerner super-normal exist in her. But he who wants to see human will-power overcoming physical conditions and changing the lives of people, does not have to look for a *yogi* who lies on a bed of nails, walks on burning coals or is buried alive and resurrected two days later. It will be sufficient for him to stay and work for a while with Vinoba Bhawe, Gandhi's successor, who practises *karma yoga*, the way of self-realization by righteous action.

Vinoba is typically such a saint of action. His ceaseless journey originated as a natural response to external circumstances. The end of 1951 saw in the Telengana district of southern India horrifying Communist-sponsored riots, in which landlords were assassinated and their lands redistributed to the peasants. 3000 people had been killed and £5,000,000-worth of damage caused, when the Government forces gained control. 35,000 people were arrested, and it was to the prisoners that Vinoba went first. When the terrible news from Telengana reached him, Vinoba was engaged in religious teaching and social service in a Gandhian monastery.

He immediately hurried to the place. Neglecting Communist threats to murder him he travelled alone and unarmed on foot into the riot-area. He entered a prison and had a talk with the prisoners, finding before him naïve and basically good-hearted idealists whose only intention was to help the poor. Then, in a general gathering at a certain village, it so happened that a landlord expressed his readiness to give up of his own free will part of his land. Vinoba could not believe it. Three times he asked the man to repeat his words. Then he asked him to go home, think it over and come back with all

his family. The man did so and again repeated his readiness to give up the land. That night Vinoba's eyes saw no sleep. On the following day he travelled to another village and was surprised to find more people ready to give up their land. The Communists, however, claimed that Vinoba was reaping what they had sown, and that but for their riots nobody would have been ready to give up land. Vinoba took up the challenge and started begging for land for the landless in other parts of India.

Upon his initial success Vinoba was invited by the Prime Minister, Mr Nehru, for consultations. Vinoba accepted the invitation, but he did it in his own way: he covered the distance to the capital, 792 miles through jungles and mountains, on foot. It took him sixty-two days. On his way he collected land. While in Delhi Vinoba stayed in a humble bamboo hut on the outskirts of the capital, near the place of Mahatma Gandhi's cremation. Here Nehru and Vinoba met. It was in fact an encounter between men of two quite different outlooks and trends in the thinking of modern India. Both Nehru and Vinoba trace their thinking to their master, Gandhi; but each of them devotes his life to the solution of India's problems with a distinct ideology, the one representing the trend towards centralization of power, industrialization and urbanization, the other personifying reliance on indigenous rural regeneration and political and social decentralization.

Among the visitors to Vinoba's bamboo hut was Dr Rajendra Prasad, India's President, himself originally a peasant, wearing a dress made of simple home-spun cloth—a symbol of the humble Gandhian way of life and a sharp contrast to his pompously decorated servants—who identified himself with Vinoba's movement by offering all his lands.

All this took place five years ago; since then Vinoba's journeyings have not ceased. "*Chakra-parivartan*", or "the turning of the wheel", is the motto of Vinoba's movement, signifying its spirit of endless self-dedication and ever-increasing momentum. A most suitable phrase indeed, since it is the very motto used by another reform-movement which India saw 2500 years ago, that of the Buddha.

Tonight again somewhere in the vast land of India a man will get up, will take a lantern in his hand and set out on his long journey, preaching and proving his belief that Man is basically good.

Portrait of an Empire-Builder

by FRANCES COLLINGWOOD

The following article is largely based on the biography by Dr Roland Oliver, entitled Sir Harry Johnston and the Scramble for Africa, which was published by Chatto and Windus last year. To that volume – distinguished among other things by an excellent series of specially drawn maps – readers are recommended to turn for further understanding of the character and achievements of a remarkable man, as well as of how certain British institutions functioned two generations ago

OUR traditional idea of a British Empire-builder is one who devoted his life to extending the area coloured red upon the map of the world. Sir Harry Johnston, the centenary of whose birth occurs this month, had no such singleness of purpose. He was keenly conscious that the pioneers had often not been British. In the preface to a series of books for children, published in 1912 and entitled "Pioneers of Empire", he wrote:

In many instances the travellers were all unconscious of their destinies, of the results which would arise from their actions. In some cases they would have bitterly railed at Fate had they known that the result of their splendid efforts was to be the enlargement of an empire under the British flag. Perhaps if they could know by now that we are striving under that flag to be just and generous to all types of men [they would] be not so sorry after all that we are reaping where they sowed.

He felt strongly that, as he wrote of Central Africa in 1897, while due encouragement must be given to European planters, traders and miners,

it must be borne in mind that the Negro is a man with man's rights; above all that he was the owner of the country before we came; and deserves, nay, is entitled to, a share in the land commensurate with his needs and numbers; that in numbers he will always exceed the white man while he may some day come to rival him in intelligence; and that finally if we do not use our power to govern him with absolute justice the time will come sooner or later when he will rise against us and expel us . . .

These are curious sentiments for an Empire-builder to express; but Johnston was, before all, an artist, and only a pioneer of Empire by accident. He found himself promoting British interests in Africa mainly through his insatiable preoccupation with the languages and habits of primitive man, and his absorption in natural history and art.

Born in London on June 12, 1858, Harry Johnston spent his early days in an environment dramatic enough to excite the visual imagination of any lively lad. His parents were ardent Irvingites; and he enjoyed the

Sundays filled with a rich pageantry of exotic Eastern vestments and mysterious ritual, performed for the edification of a family consisting of twelve children, of whom he was the eldest, and two older step-children from his father's first marriage. His family, the Stockwell Grammar School and the South Lambeth School of Art all encouraged his natural bent for drawing, while he also showed a marked ability for science and languages. During his vacations and half-holidays from Stockwell he visited the British Museum and the Zoological Gardens to draw animals, his preferred subject. By the time he was fourteen he had already sold his first picture, and this had led to a commission to illustrate some zoological papers.

When he was nearly seventeen, he attended evening classes at King's College where he studied Romance languages, and later registered as a student at the Royal Academy Schools. A painting holiday in Majorca and Spain, followed by a course at a Paris art-school, further revealed the joys and despairs of an artist's life, and for a while he settled down in his own London studio. He was not unsuccessful, having a picture accepted by the Academy in 1879, and several studies of animals published in illustrated papers.

The deaths of his mother and step-brother in a short space of time made him lose faith in religion. Abandoning Christianity, he came to substitute for it a stoutly proclaimed faith in Science which combined a belief in the ruthless evolutionary conflict with personal enrolment in Man's struggle against the blind forces of Nature. He also worried about his health and his future, finally deciding to break away from his "quiet, happy home" by visiting Tunis, where an old acquaintance of his father's was British Consul-General.

Here he would test himself as a painter and, perhaps, satisfy other vague longings. "Oh," he confided to his diary, "if only I could be famous some way or other." As an artist he steeped himself in the African atmos-



By courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society

Sir Harry Johnston's first experience of tropical Africa was in Angola and up the Congo. In 1884 he led an expedition to a very different region: Mount Kilimanjaro, then well beyond the range of European control in East Africa, culminating in a 19,565-foot peak with a "splendid crown of virgin snow"

phere and sold a few sketches to *The Graphic*; as a journalist, writing a monthly article for *The Globe*, he learned much more. This was his introduction to international politics; and he received it from a group of French officials with whom he made friends. On the eve of the French occupation of Tunis he learned to see the Mediterranean with their eyes, as the beginning of Africa, and to look beyond the Sahara to the vast interior of that continent for which the European Powers were about to begin their scramble. He subsequently claimed that the realization of the need for his own country to take a leading and not a following part, in order to maintain its position, had altered the bent of his life.

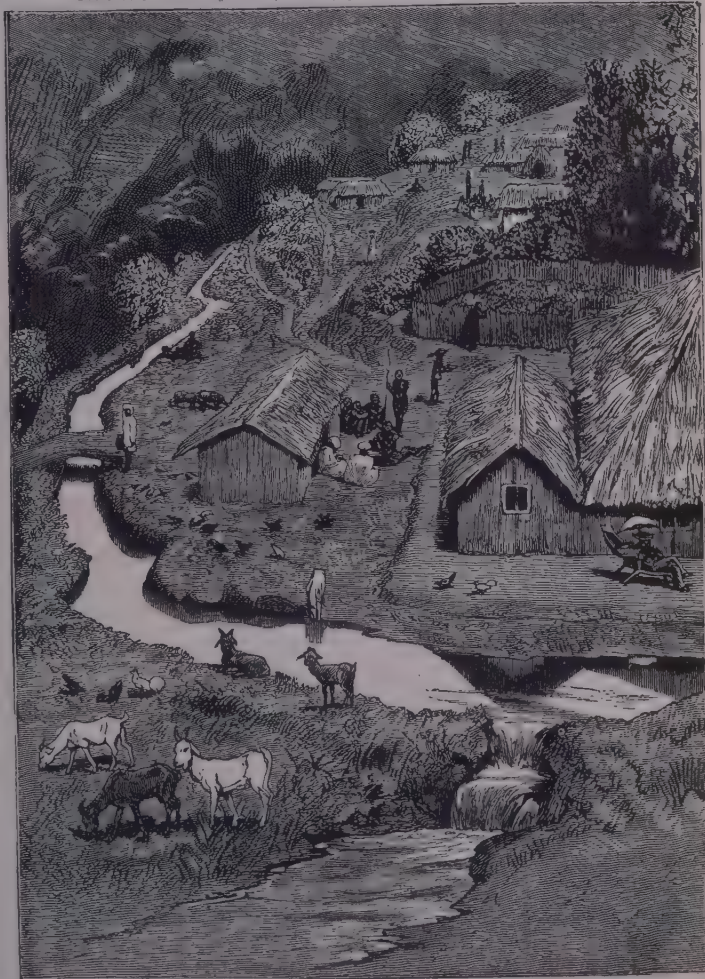
The idea of plunging into the African maelstrom on his country's behalf matured fairly slowly in Johnston. There was an interim period of painting—he had another picture accepted by the Royal Academy—and unrealized travel-projects which ended dramatically when, in 1881, he heard through a zoologist friend that the Earl of Mayo was seeking someone acquainted with the Portuguese language to join a hunting-expedition to Portuguese Angola. The opportunity was offered to Johnston and he accepted with alacrity. He made an intensive study of that part of Africa and in so doing discovered a great and lasting interest in the comparison and classification of the Bantu languages, an enthusiasm from which his understanding of African people grew and expanded.

In April 1882 the expedition set sail, but after two months of good sport in uninhabited country, Johnston felt the urge to break away. He was becoming increasingly intrigued by the conflicting ambitions of Europeans in West Central Africa. At that very moment two explorers, Stanley of England and de Brazza of France, were approaching the Congo basin, each with political objectives. Johnston decided to see for himself what was going on.

It was during this, the first of his solo expeditions, that he struck up a friendship with Stanley. The explorer was employed in consolidating the position of the International African Association directed by King Leopold of the Belgians and was alarmed by rumours of an impending Anglo-Portuguese treaty which might damage the Association's interests. He sought to enlist Johnston's support, but failed to do so owing mainly to the high opinion that the younger man had formed of Portuguese administration. "They rule", he wrote at the time in a published article, "more by influence over

Johnston's settlement in his "African Switzerland" on the slopes of Kilimanjaro. He was much impressed by the skill in agriculture shown by the local tribesmen, the Chagga: "there is scarcely a spur unprovided with its irrigation channel"

From The Kilima-njaro Expedition, by H. H. Johnston (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) 1886





From The Kilima-njaro Expedition, by H. H. Johnston (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) 1886

The Chagga were constantly harassed by the semi-nomadic, pastoral Masai of the plains, whom they greatly dreaded. Johnston, while admiring the physical perfection of the Masai warrior and his elaborate war-attire, called him a "fierce, intractable, insolent bully"

the natives than by actual force"; and in a later book he compared, unfavorably to the British, the material benefits conferred by them and the Portuguese on the African peoples.

Johnston managed his journey through Angola and up the Congo on incredibly little money, enjoying as "a traveller with a civil tongue who is also an artist" the hospitality of both Europeans and Africans. In the course of it he made hundreds of sketches; collected plants and birds, butterflies and fish; and filled many notebooks with material ample to establish his reputation as a naturalist and ethnographer. On his return to London in 1883 he published a book, *The River Congo*, which with four illustrated articles in *The Graphic* brought his name before the public. The Royal Geographical Society invited him to give a full-dress evening lecture, with Lord Aberdare in the chair and Ferdinand de Lesseps beside him on the platform. "*Quel pays*", remarked de Lesseps, "*où même les petits enfants sont des explorateurs*"—a reminder of his age, twenty-four, and his height, five foot three.

He was recommended by the Secretary of the Zoological Society for the leadership of a collecting expedition to Mount Kilimanjaro in East Africa which was being organized by the Royal Society and the British Association; and this led to Lord Aberdare giving him an introduction to the Foreign Office. There he made a favourable impression on two men, Lister, an Assistant Under-Secretary, and Anderson, the head of the African Department, whose consistent support was a determining factor in his future career.

From Kilimanjaro Johnston brought back an enormous amount of botanical, zoological and other information. The Botanical Gardens at Kew were enriched by nearly 600 species of new or rare plants from Johnston's collection. Prominent among the Kilimanjaro findings were six new birds, a monkey, butterflies, beetles, a river crab and a worm, all of which were hitherto unknown. He contributed articles to the *Daily Telegraph* and *The Graphic* and he completed a valuable book, *The Kilima-njaro Expedition*.

While the expedition thus achieved the scientific aims of its sponsors, it had a wider meaning for Johnston. In those almost Alpine highlands, so utterly different from the Africa he had known hitherto, he had dreamed of a European settlement which, while fulfilling his ideas of obligation to native peoples, should be "as completely



By courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society

The Cameroons Mountain from Mondole, the little island where Johnston established himself on taking up his appointment as Vice-Consul for the Oil Rivers Protectorate and the Cameroons in 1885

English as Ceylon"; and he persuaded his backers in the Foreign Office to share his dream, partly by characteristically exaggerated advocacy which in anyone but an artist might have been called falsification. The scheme finally came to nothing; but it did influence indirectly the line of partition in East Africa laid down in the Anglo-German agreement of 1886.

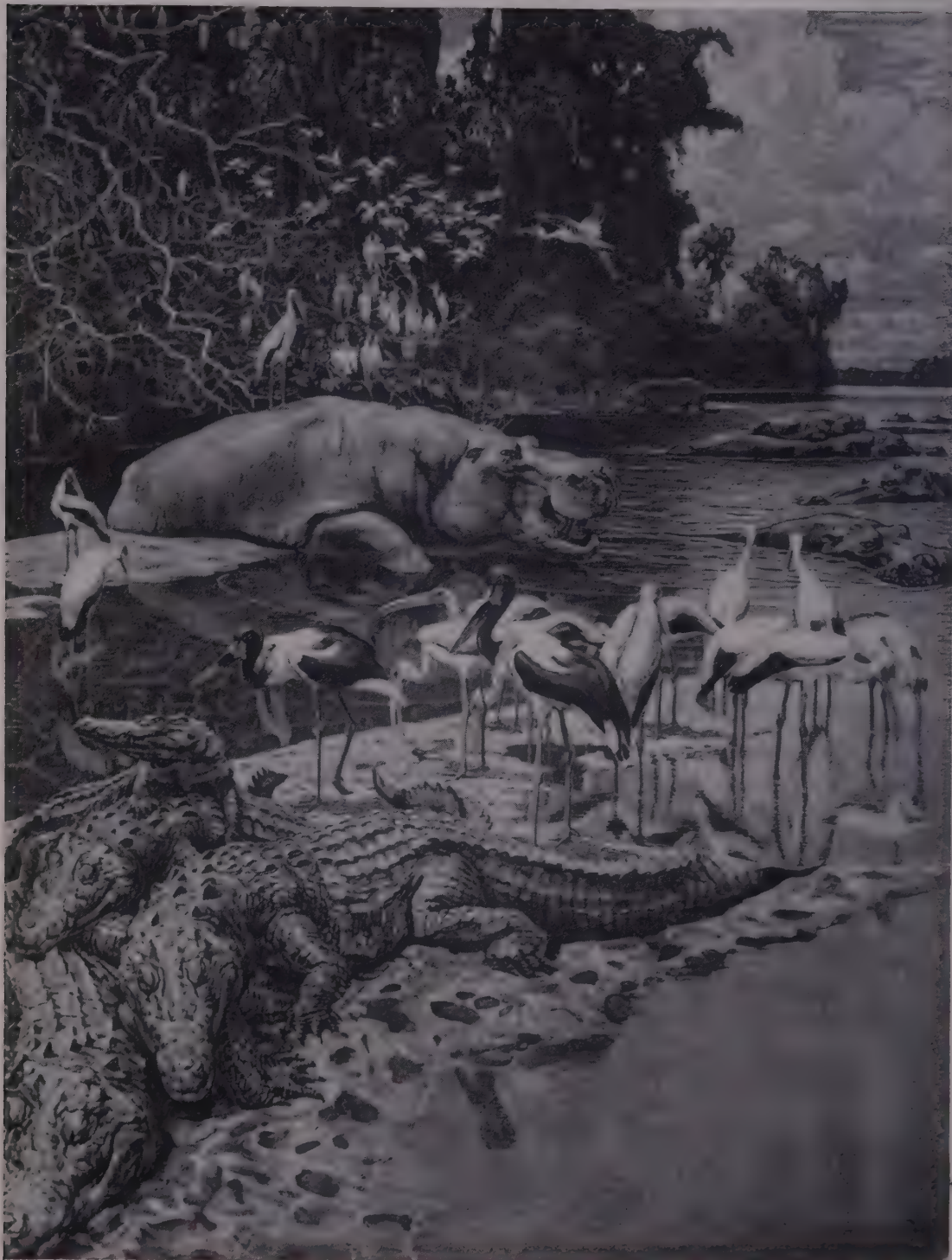
Above all, the expedition strengthened the bonds between Johnston and the Foreign Office. His friendship with Anderson and Lister bore fruit in his appointment late in 1885 as Vice-Consul for the Oil Rivers District (the Niger delta) and the Cameroons, then in process of becoming a German protectorate. For two-and-a-half years this new and politically contentious corner of Africa was his testing-ground. In part the period was one of consolidation, with Johnston leading a somewhat solitary existence on the island of Mondole, digesting his experiences and formulating ideas for the future. In the autumn of 1886 he forwarded privately to Anderson a plan for the partition of Africa which, while optimistically generous to

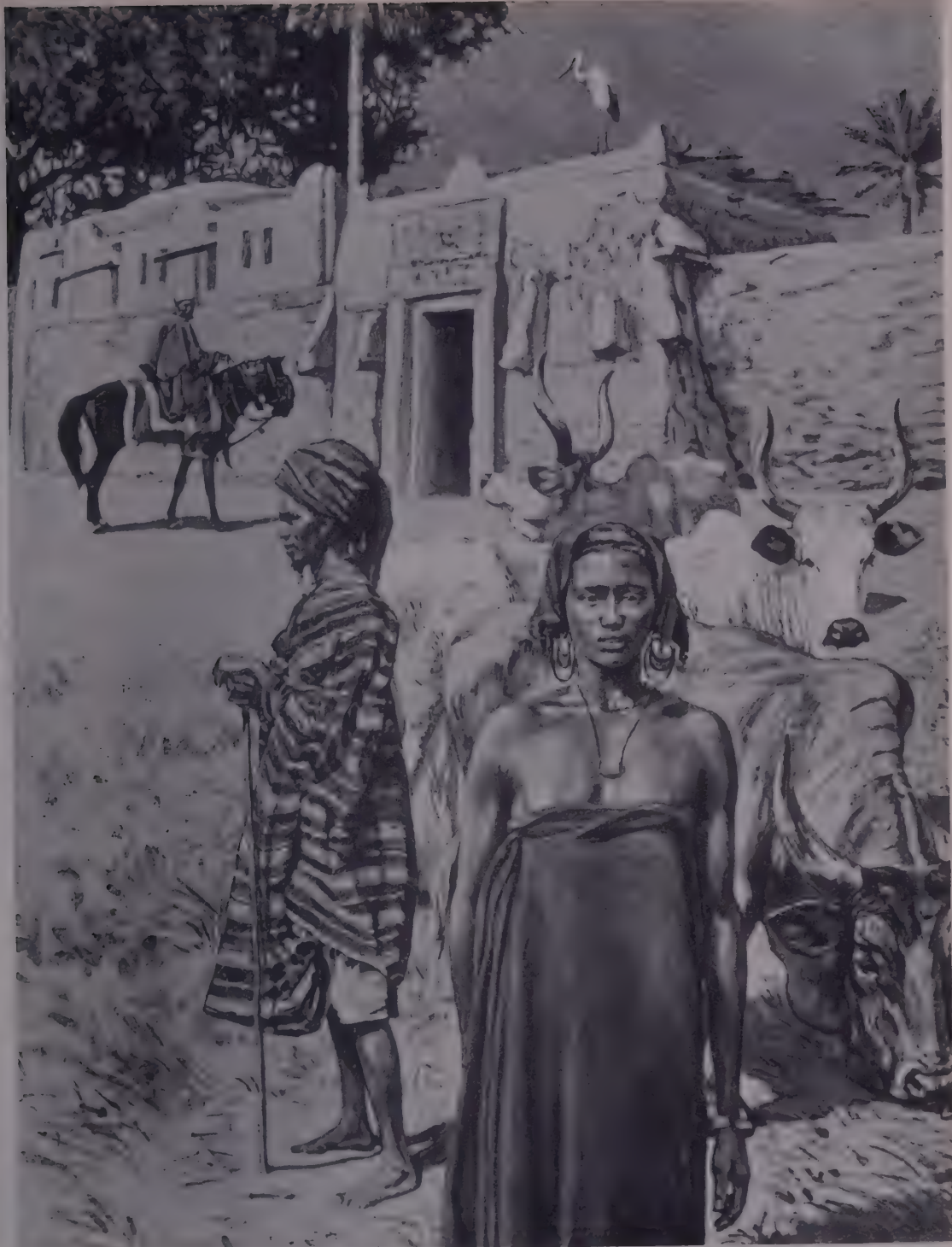
Britain, bore witness to the ability of its author in assessing the realities of the day and his daring in penetrating politically, even in imagination, to the heart of the continent.

He also made some exciting river-journeys. One was up the so-called Rio del Rey, which marked the frontier between the British and German protectorates; on the completion of his survey Lord Salisbury himself directed that he should receive the compliments of the Foreign Office. Another was up the Cross River, where he had a narrow escape from being eaten by cannibals. He was captured while proceeding inland to make friendly treaties with some native tribes, and incarcerated in a hut filled with skulls and a smoked human ham. For over an hour he had to bear the hungry gaze of hundreds of cannibals, but remained so cheerful under the ordeal that the chief decided to make him his guest-of-honour at the meal at which Johnston very nearly formed the main dish. His report of this exploit helped to counteract complaints with which the Foreign Office was being bombarded over his handling of

No African scene failed to inspire Johnston the artist. His paintings, full of life, are based on meticulous observation. Here is "an African river in the Good Old Days", with basking crocodiles and hippopotami "quite unafraid of man"—

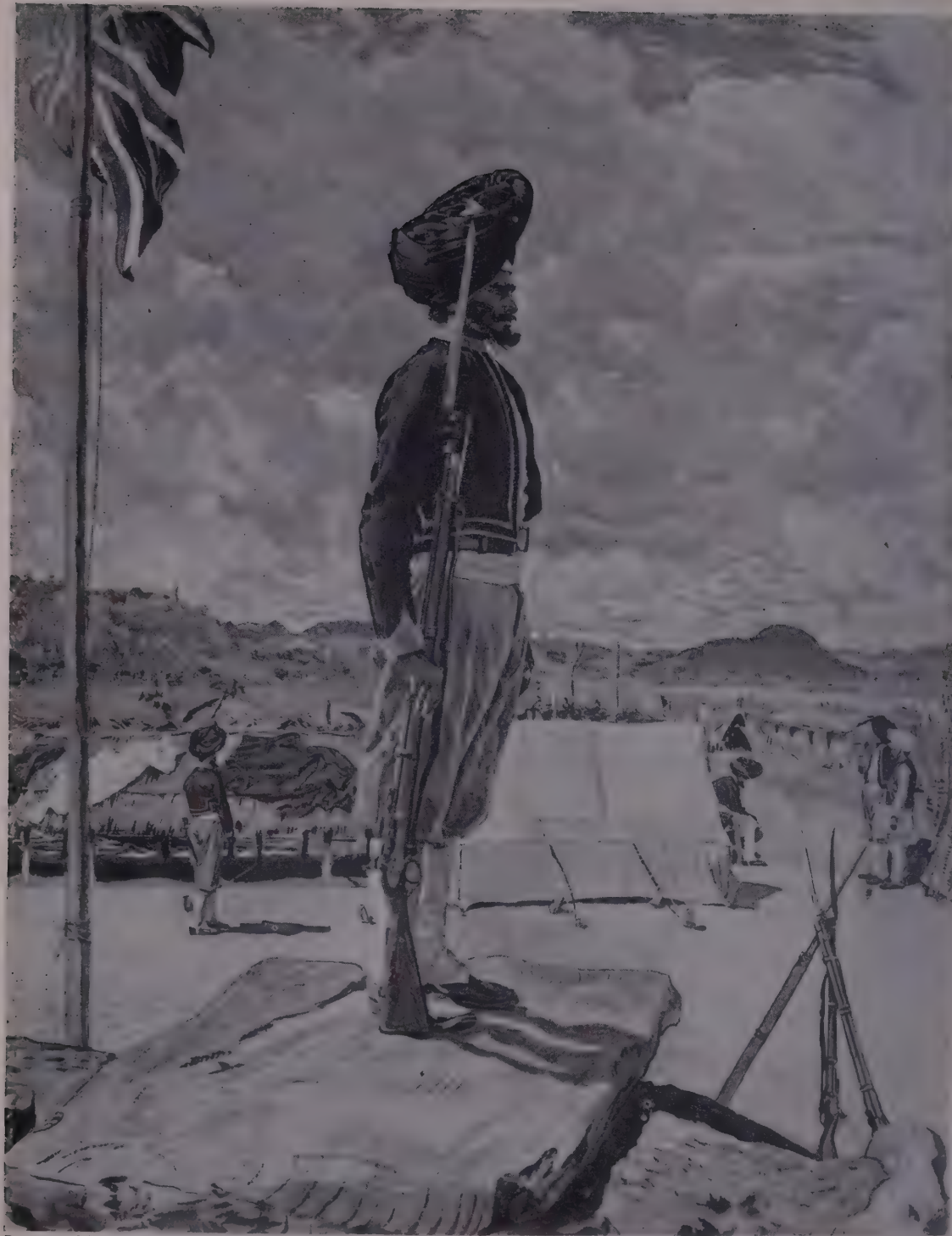
By courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society





From Pioneers in West Africa, by Sir Harry Johnston. Blakie & Son Ltd. 1912, by courtesy of the publishers

—while here Johnston is concerned to depict the “almost Egyptian” features of the Fula people of northern Nigeria, their long-horned cattle, their architecture and even the “white stork of Europe” perched on the roof, as a winter migrant



By courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society

Fort Johnston, at the southern end of Lake Nyasa, was built in 1891 in the course of operations against combative and slave-raiding chieftains and was a circular redoubt. The Sikh sentry is wearing the black, yellow and white uniform designed by Johnston to symbolize harmonious race-relations

an incident involving one Ja Ja, an African merchant prince, who claimed to act as sole middleman between the producers in the interior and the European trading firms on the coast. Lord Salisbury, while officially approving his conduct, commented: "He is a resolute but singularly lawless personage."

Johnston's next appointment and the events that preceded it showed, however, that the Prime Minister appreciated his quality. Soon after his return to England in 1888 he was invited to spend a week-end at Hatfield House which had two results. According to Johnston's autobiography, it earned him the jealousy of Clement Hill, then the senior clerk in the African Department; but it also led to his being taken into Salisbury's personal confidence. One indication of this was his authorship of an anonymous article on "Great Britain's Policy in Africa" which appeared in *The Times* on August 22, 1888.

In January 1889 Johnston was appointed British Consul at Mozambique; a post of which he so underestimated the potential importance that he complained in a personal letter to Salisbury of its affording him "little opportunity of making my mark and of effecting some good to my country". When

he was on the point of leaving, however, the Prime Minister switched him to Lisbon to discuss East African boundary problems with the Portuguese Foreign Minister—an extraordinary assignment for a junior Consul.

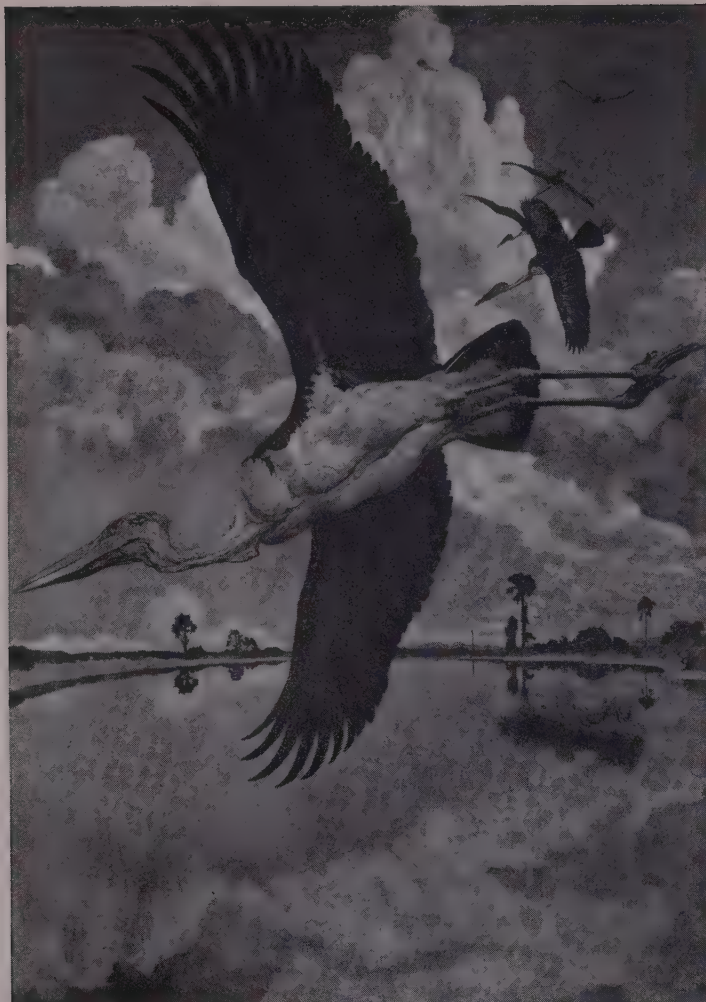
The Foreign Office had approved his plans to travel up the Zambesi and ascertain the exact extent of Portuguese jurisdiction in the interior. It had also empowered him to make conditional treaties with the independent tribes beyond the sphere of Portuguese control. But the necessary funds were not forthcoming. A chance event that occurred before his final departure completely changed this situation. Johnston attended a dinner-party and among the guests was Cecil Rhodes. Rhodes was then applying for a Royal Charter, extending from Bechuanaland to the Zambesi, for the syndicate which was to become the British South Africa Company. The two men immediately found much in common. They talked till midnight, and then repaired to Rhodes's hotel where the conversation continued until daybreak. Breakfasting in evening dress, Johnston received from Rhodes a £2000 cheque to help make those treaties which they both considered vital to British interests.

In May 1889 Johnston departed for

"After the battle, near Kotakota, Lake Nyasa". The fallen warrior belonged to an invading tribe of Zulu race, the Ngoni, who had settled as overlords of the country to the westward of the lake

By courtesy of J. B. Henderson Esq.





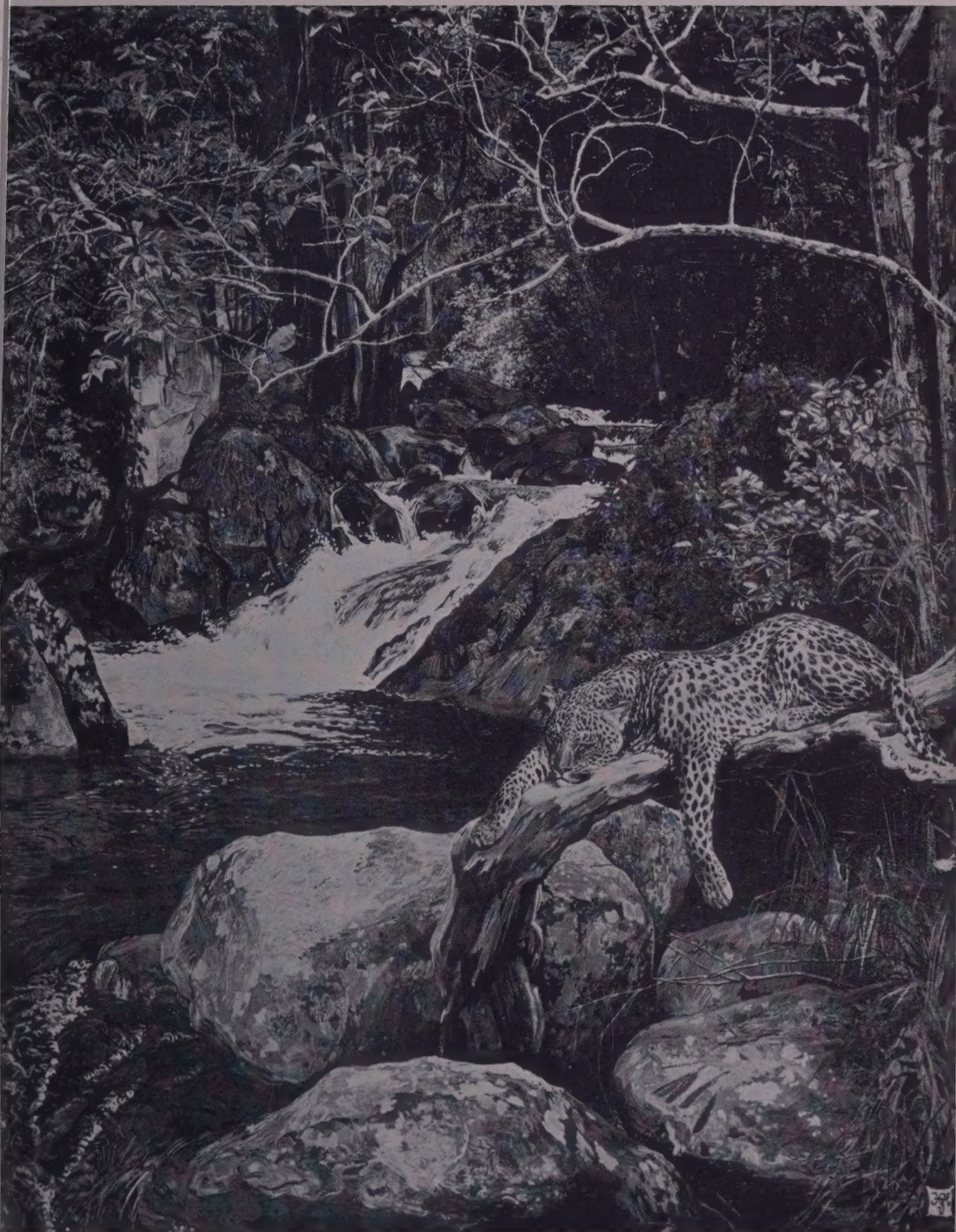
By courtesy of J. B. Henderson Esq.

Mozambique, and lost little time in sailing up the Zambesi to parley with native chiefs. While so doing he encountered the Portuguese explorer, Serpa Pinto, and managed to talk him out of his expansionist intentions, hinting of possible conflict between their two countries if Pinto persisted. On the rivers and in the highlands leading northwards to Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika a British commercial company and several British missions were already active and in armed conflict with slave-trading Arabs from the Zanzibar coast. Johnston's treaty-making proceeded with varying success, but it laid the foundations on which the British Protectorate of Nyasaland was later built and he made a start towards suppressing the slave-traffic by persuading Arab raiders to sign an

Johnston sold his first picture, a drawing of a lion's head, at the age of fourteen at the London Zoo. He practised anatomical drawing there, at King's College and at the Royal College of Surgeons, so that his facility in the treatment of living forms was well founded. He applied this talent to almost every bird and beast that he saw on his African travels, such as (left) marabou storks in flight, or (opposite) the leopard asleep at a drinking-place, for which the "rather rough" member of his household at Zomba in Nyasaland may well have afforded the model

agreement not to attack tribes which were in treaty relations with the Queen. He fell in love with the country at the southern end of Lake Tanganyika and was only drawn back to Mozambique, in 1890, by news of fresh trouble with the Portuguese.

Leave followed; and Johnston journeyed to Kimberley to see Rhodes, who was busily staking out claims for the newly formed British South Africa Company. After nearly a year of negotiation there and in London, he returned to Mozambique with the additional appointment of "Commissioner and Consul-General for the territories under British influence to the north of the Zambesi": an employee, to put it briefly, of the Foreign Office administering a Nyasaland Protectorate, but with the British South Africa Com-



By courtesy of Mrs Arnold Dolmetsch

pany supplying the funds for extending his administration to a much larger area to the west, in what is now Northern Rhodesia. It is typical of him that he arrived at his post wearing a white, yellow and black band round his straw hat: colours symbolic of the union of the European, Asian and African races, which he also adopted for the uniforms of the minute force, comprising seventy Sikhs and eighty Zanzibaris, with which he proposed to govern territories as large as England and France combined. He made Zomba, in Nyasaland, his headquarters, and there established a bachelor's paradise. To visitors conditions were rendered less ideal by innumerable uninhibited pets, which included a rather rough leopard.

Among Johnston's duties, as defined by Her Majesty's Government, was consolidation of the Protectorate, the maintenance of peace and order, and resistance to slave-traders. To carry these out he had to lead many military expeditions, sheltering under his white umbrella, which he never furled even on the few occasions when there was actual fighting, a highly uncongenial occupation. As he wrote: "I have had myself taught to fire Maxim guns and seven-pounder cannon, I, who detest loud noises and have a horror of explosives."

Not only did Johnston have to maintain law and order, but the problem of taxes and land administration had to be solved, and all improvements carried out on a shoestring. He kept up with Rhodes, who made him further grants, but the two men were temperamentally poles apart and there was constant irritation between them. In 1893, a misunderstanding about grants, in which Rhodes thought Johnston had double-crossed him, led to a complete breach in their relations.

A year later, Johnston's financial difficulties were eased by a grant-in-aid from the British Treasury, and the Protectorate was put upon a firmer footing. He was able to wage successful warfare upon Arab traders in slaves and ivory; and in action against them was himself engaged in hand-to-hand fighting. When the news reached Lord Salisbury, Johnston was awarded the K.C.B.; but he had already succumbed to a third attack of blackwater fever and it was clear he no longer had the physical stamina to continue. So, in July 1896, he came back to London and in October he was married to the step-daughter of his old friend Sir Percy Anderson, by whose recent death he had lost a stout pillar of support in the Foreign Office.

The following June brought the offer of the Consulate-General at Tunis and, although it was a step down, Johnston accepted. Leaving routine business to his Vice-Consul and all but the most important social duties to his wife and his youngest brother who had come with him as secretary, Johnston concentrated on reading and writing and in November 1898 completed *A History of the Colonization of Africa by Alien Races*. He also toured the country and sent to *The Graphic*, along with many drawings, an unofficial record of his journey in which he gave the French full credit for their achievement in developing Tunisia.

Then, in the summer of 1899, Lord Salisbury offered him the post of Special Commissioner in Uganda, a two-year appointment carrying a high salary. He went there alone, as conditions were unsuited to a woman. The Imperial Government had taken over the administration of Uganda in 1893 (and of what is now Kenya in 1895) from the British East Africa Company, but the country, comprising ancient and mutually hostile native kingdoms, was troubled. The central kingdom of Buganda held the key position.

For more than twenty years both Anglican and Roman Catholic missions had been active in Buganda, with notable success; Johnston, after travelling by the new railway across Kenya to the Uganda border, was given a triumphant reception; yet he had no easy task in persuading the chiefs of Buganda to accept an agreement which, in the sense of his official instructions, would make the Uganda Protectorate financially self-supporting at the earliest possible date. The Buganda Agreement of March 1900 not only did this; its innovations in land-tenure began an economic revolution designed to free the humbler folk of Buganda from despotic control by their fellow-Africans, especially their king, the Kabaka.

Nevertheless, despite Salisbury's support of the man on the spot, the agreement was grudgingly received at the Foreign Office, where the hostile influence of Sir Clement Hill, as head of the African Department, was paramount. Hill, indeed, obtained permission to carry out a tour of inspection of the two East African Protectorates in the autumn of 1900. Arrived at Kampala, he convened a meeting of military officers and civilian officials, together with the principal missionaries and the three native ministers of the Buganda Kingdom. To this assembly, according to Johnston, he "put the question



From The Uganda Protectorate, by Sir Harry Johnston (Hutchinson & Co.) 1902

To provide in the 20th century the first scientific identification of a large mammal is probably a unique feat; yet Johnston performed it in the case of the okapi of the Congo forests. The coloured drawing reproduced above was made by him from a complete skin, but without seeing the animal alive

baldly: 'Do you consider Johnston's work as being successful, his changes of policy well-founded?' "

The Anglican Bishop, Alfred Tucker, gave a favourable, reasoned and decisive reply, for which Johnston—dismayed as he was by such astounding treatment—felt intensely grateful. It was a remarkable fruit, not only of Tucker's wisdom, but also of the consistent tribute which Johnston, an ostentatious unbeliever, had long paid both publicly and privately to the work of Christian missions in Africa. As he had written to Salisbury in 1888, "they do an amount of good that has never been sufficiently appreciated either by the Government or the people of England."

Johnston made several extended journeys on foot in the Protectorate. Before the advent of Hill, he undertook an expedition westwards to the Congo frontier, taking with him a group of Congo pygmies, rescued by the Administration from a German kidnapper. Their repatriation to their native forests afforded a pretext both for contact with the Congo officials and for investigating the rumours, first recorded by Stanley, of a strange creature which was said to dwell there. They described it as being striped like a zebra but with a brown back, calling it "okapi". While no trace of a live okapi was found on that occasion, Captain Eriksson of the Congo State service later forwarded to him the complete skin and skull of one of these fabulous animals. Johnston sent it to the British Museum where it was declared a new genus and named *Okapia Johnstoni*.

During the last weeks of his Uganda administration, he visited the Mount Elgon district where he unearthed fresh examples of Bantu speech, collected mountain flora and shot the first identified specimen of five-horned giraffe. That was his final fling; by the summer of 1901 he was back in England.

Johnston was still only forty-three. Yet for the remaining twenty-six years of his life he was afforded no opportunity commensurate with his abilities to serve his country. The pension granted to him was only £500 a year; insufficient to reconcile him to retirement but enough to supplement other earnings. Ventures into politics and business were unsuccessful: he suffered defeat at two elections, while a Liberian Development Company came to an unhappy end. But as a writer he rendered notable service to his own and later generations.

His output was for many years prodigious. Besides many articles for reviews, newspapers and the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, he

wrote altogether forty books. Most of these were written at the house to which he and Lady Johnston retreated in 1906, at Poling near Arundel in Sussex. There she built a background of contentment for his work. Some of his earlier books have already been mentioned. *The Uganda Protectorate* and *The Nile Quest*, a history of exploration in Abyssinia, the Sudan and Uganda, appeared in 1902; *Liberia* in 1906; *The Negro in the New World* in 1910, after an extensive journey inspired by President Theodore Roosevelt; and a revised and greatly enlarged edition of his *History of the Colonization of Africa by Alien Races* in 1913.

Always, but with increasing urgency, he upheld the creed thus attributed to the hero of one of his five novels published in 1919-26: "he would see that the Black Man and the Brown Man reaped full advantage for the White Man's intrusion into their domain. They should receive compensation for disturbances and be brought into partnership not only of labour and effort, but of profit." Johnston's message, however, was not addressed only to his fellow-countrymen. In 1920 he summed it up in this striking passage.

The Coloured man must remember that his lands cannot properly be developed without . . . the White man's capital; and the White man in Europe and North America is not going to risk his money and effort where there is no security and where he runs the danger of losing his capital and the investment of his energy. Without the tapping of wealth in rock and soil and desert sand, the Coloured man will always remain poor and futile. But the White people must try to realize that the still Backward races, the once decrepit nations, have travelled far in intellectuality since the middle of the nineteenth century, and that the continuance of an insulting policy towards them will join them some day in a vast league against Europe and America, which will set back the millennium and perhaps even ruin humanity in general. Nature will have conquered by setting one half of mankind against the other.

The novels were completed despite increasing frailty dating from an attack of mustard-gas which he suffered while lecturing to troops in 1917. So was his *Comparative Study of the Bantu and Semi-Bantu Languages*. This alone would have established his reputation as a pioneer of Bantu linguistics; and no man could have paid a greater compliment to the Africa he loved.

He died in 1927 and his body is buried in the churchyard at Poling, where the tombstone is inscribed with a tribute from the Kabaka and people of Buganda.